

The Academy and Literature

EDITED BY W. TEIGNMOUTH SHORE

No. 1690. Established 1869.

London: 24 September 1904.

Price Threepence.

[Registered as a Newspaper in the United Kingdom, and at the New York Post Office as Second-class Mail matter. Foreign Subscribers, 17s. 6d. a year.]

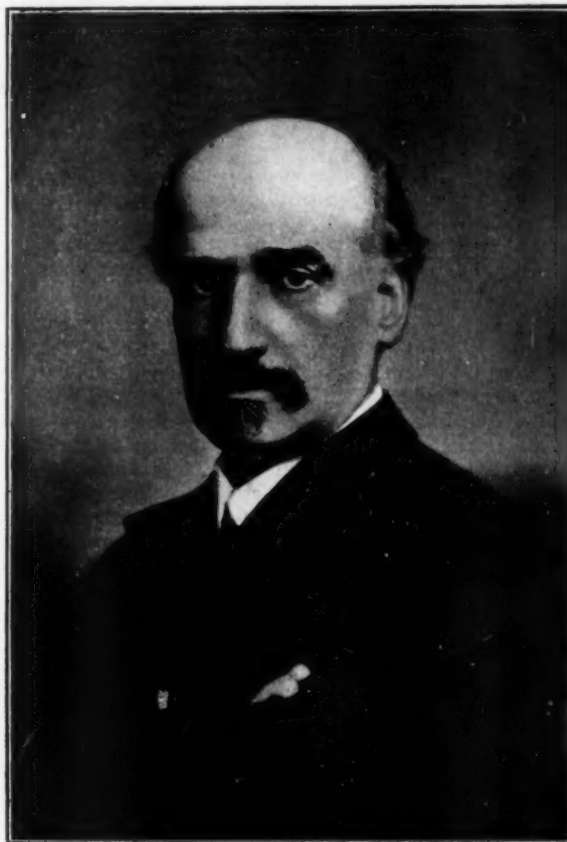
Notes

THE public demand for fiction seems insatiable. There has come into my hands recently a list of over seventy serial stories now running in the principal provincial newspapers and a glance through the names of the authors in most general request is instructive and interesting. Among these three-score and ten journals of repute I find that Mr. Tom Gallon has five serial stories running simultaneously, whilst Mr. Gerald Biss, Mr. Richard Marsh and Mrs. C. N. Williamson are credited with four each. Mr. E. Phillips Oppenheim and Mrs. A. O. Tibbits have three, and there are ten authors, including Mrs. L. T. Meade, Mr. Fergus Hume and "Rita," who are responsible for a couple apiece. A certain number of these may of course be accounted for by the modern commercial system of syndicating a story between two or more newspapers, but that the exclusive rights are not without their value is evident by the fact that Mr. Ernest Glanville, Mr. Max Pemberton, Major Arthur Griffiths, Mr. Hall Caine, Mr. Clark Russell and Mr. E. W. Hornung appear on the list as responsible for one story each. The names of the other authors are entirely unknown to fame—as yet.

Now there are several quite interesting deductions to be drawn from these figures. Firstly, it would seem that we British can no more digest our daily paper without a *chasse* of fiction, in the shape of a *feuilleton*, than can our foreign neighbours; and from this fact one may reasonably argue that we (or our wives and daughters, or sisters and cousins and aunts, as the case may be) have more leisure to read than had our forebears. Again, it is evident that mere literary eminence is no gauge of popularity, for the leading authors on the aforementioned list have in all probability far too much commercial acumen to argue about such an unbarterable commodity as literary value. And, further, the fact that the vast majority of the contributors to these papers are entirely unknown outside the charmed circle of the literary agents is proof that the hard-working novelist who is content with his (or her) guinea a thousand words, or even less, can and does command a public which is quite as large, although not perhaps as influential, as that reached by the writers of the conventional six-shilling novels. All of which considerations are true, and rather sad.

MESSRS. BLACK announce some promising "colour" books, notably "London, Vanished and Vanishing," by Mr. Philip Norman and "Familiar London," by Miss

Rose Barton. It would be difficult to find a more fascinating subject than London for a "colour" book, for our city is not so grey as it is usually painted, but I



MR. JOHN DAVIDSON

[Photo. Elliott & Fry]

trust the artists will not be led astray into putting colour where no colour is, or into painting skies blue when they are leaden, or buildings yellow where they are drab. The warning is not unnecessary, for I have seen books wherein the colouring was all it should not be. As to the text, the writer of instinct and imagination could desire no more inspiring topic, yet there have been many dull and dry books written about London town.

MR. D. MACCARTHY writes interestingly in "The Independent Review" of the late author of "Erewhon." This is a passage from the article:

"From a religious man or a philosopher, his first demand was that he should hold his faith in such a way that, if occasion demanded it, he could deny it gracefully and easily in the cause of charity. Of Lord Beaconsfield he wrote, thinking also of himself, that 'earnestness was his great danger, but that if he did not quite overcome it (as, indeed, who can?—it is the last enemy that shall be subdued), he managed to veil it with a fair amount of success.' And of Christianity, 'What is the kernel of the nut? Surely common sense and cheerfulness, with unflinching opposition to the charlatanism and Pharisaism of a man's own times. The essence of Christianity lies neither in dogma, nor yet in an abnormally holy life; but in faith in an unseen world, in doing one's duty, in speaking the truth, in finding the true life rather in others than in one's self, and in the certain hope that he who loses his life on these behalfs finds more than he has lost.' Shakespeare he loved above all authors, partly, one suspects, because Shakespeare is the surest refuge from the saints, but mainly because he felt him to be a lover of all sorts and conditions of men, who applied no rigid test to merit. In the music of Handel he found the same quality; and these two, together with Homer, remained his gods through life."

I MUST congratulate Mr. Grant Richards on the completion of the Edinburgh Folio Edition of Shakespeare's Works, brought out under the supervision of Mr. W. E. Henley and Professor Walter Raleigh. The text is satisfactory, and the type, paper and binding make up as sumptuous a set of volumes as a bookman could desire. Charles Lamb would have loved these handsome folios.

THE scene of Miss Dora Greenwell McChesney's new romance, "Yesterday's To-morrow," is laid in the days of the Restoration, and one of the chief characters is James de la Cloche, eldest son of Charles II., who came in secret to England as an emissary of the Jesuits. What will Mr. Andrew Lang say? The motive of the story is the conflicting ideals of the Cavaliers and the Quakers, Charles II. and George Fox being among the figures on the stage.

MR. HILAIRE BELLOC, whose book upon the British track-way from Winchester to Canterbury is announced by Messrs. Constable, is completing two illustrated travel articles on the Spanish Pyrenees for the "Pall Mall Magazine."

MR. G. E. FARROW is a busy man! He has in hand for Messrs. Pearson "The Wallypug in Fogland"; for Mr. Brimley Johnson a children's book, "The Cinematograph Train"; for the S.P.C.K. a school-story, "The Mysterious Mr. Punch," a birthday book for Messrs. Routledge and a novel.

MR. DAVID CUTHBERTSON, of the University Library, Edinburgh, has in the press an illustrated volume entitled "The Children's Story of the Scottish Reformation." The work will be published by Messrs. J. & R. Parlane, Paisley.

MR. G. BERNARD SHAW's new play, "John Bull's Other Island," will shortly be produced at the Court Theatre.

MUSIC is showing signs of life again both in the provinces and in the metropolis. So far no definite arrangements have been made for a continuance of the Saturday and Monday "Pops," chiefly owing to the uncertainty as to the future of St. James' Hall. All lovers of chamber music will regret deeply the death of these admirable concerts, but many will have themselves only to blame, for the attendances last season were meagre in the extreme. Are there too many concerts or too few lovers of music who care to do more than talk about it? The London Symphony Orchestra promise concerts to be conducted by Dr. F. H. Cowen, Herr Nikisch, Sir Charles Stanford, M. Colonne, Sir Edward Elgar and others, the performances being fixed for October 27, November 17, December 15, January 26, February 16 and March 8.

THE Broadwood Concerts commence on November 3 at the Æolian Hall, engagements having been concluded with the Bohemian Quartet, the Moscow Trio and the Leeds Festival Choir. Numberless vocal and instrumental recitals are promised, the performers including Kubelik, October 8, and Mark Hambourg, October 15, at the Queen's Hall; Sarasate, October 22 and 31 and November 8 at the Beckstein Hall; Madame Carreno, Busoni, Lamond and Miss Marie Hall.

THE Symphony Concerts during the coming winter will take place at the Queen's Hall on Saturday afternoons, October 29, November 12 and 26, December 10, January 28, February 11 and 25, March 11, Mr. Henry J. Wood conducting. There are many interesting items on the programmes—Hugo Wolf's symphonic poem "Penthesilea," Max Schilling's music to Wildenbruch's "Hexenlied," Mr. Joseph Holbrooke's symphonic poem "Ulalume" and Sir Edward Elgar's incidental music to "Grania and Diarmid." Most notable fact of all is that it has been decided to limit the duration of each concert to an hour and three-quarters, an excellent policy and one recently recommended in these pages. Will the directors of these concerts also test the idea of lowering all lights in the hall during the performance of each piece, except, of course, those immediately above the players?

ARRANGEMENTS have been made for an Italian opera season at Covent Garden, to commence on October 17, lasting for six weeks. The complete company of the San Carlo Theatre, Naples, has been engaged. Ordinary theatre prices will be charged. For novelties are promised Cilea's "Adrienne Lecouvreur" and Giordano's "Andrea Chenier." The experiment will be interesting not only in itself, but as a test of the extent of the demand in London for well-performed opera without "stars." We are to be given a new opera-house in the Strand. Has any decision been come to in regard to the orchestra? Will it be concealed, as at Bayreuth? There is no reason why it should not be, and the gain is immense, as all realise who have witnessed performances in the Wagner Theatre.

IN error, Miss Cunningham's "Story of Arithmetic" was set down in last week's issue as published by Mr. Arnold, instead of Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein.

Next week's issue will contain a supplement, giving classified lists of the most interesting autumn announcements.

Bibliographical

AMID the multiplicity of old works in new forms the "Golden Treasury" maintains its position among the favourites, and certainly the volumes of this series are all that companionable books should be in material and in form; they appeal not only to the eye, but bear the test of handling—which is no small matter in the nature of a book. The next work to be added to the series is F. Locker-Lampson's "London Lyrics," which will be introduced and annotated by Mr. Austin Dobson. Locker-Lampson's "London Lyrics" was first published in 1857, and has maintained a steady—perhaps I should say achieved an increasing—popularity. Successive issues were published in 1862, 1870, 1872 and 1874; then in 1876 came the enlarged edition, and further issues in 1878, 1881 and 1885. There were various changes made in successive editions. At the close of 1903 the early edition was added to Methuen's "Little Library," under the editorship of Mr. A. D. Godley, and in 1883-4 there were three issues in New York. It may be hoped that the "Golden Treasury" volume will give the author's definitive edition.

Mr. Andrew Lang's delightful rendering of the dainty mediæval romance of "Aucassin and Nicolette" is to be reissued this autumn. It was first published in 1887, and new editions followed in 1896 and 1898; with an American reprint in 1902. A photo-facsimile of the old French MS. of the story was published in 1896 under the editorship of Mr. F. W. Bourdillon, who had himself published a translation in 1887, of which a fresh edition was issued in 1897, and another in 1903. Other English renderings have been those of Mr. A. R. Macdonough (New York, 1880), Mr. Laurence Housman (1902) and Messrs. M. S. Henry and E. W. Thomson (1902).

Mr. Ralph Thomas' ("Olphar Hamst") big volume on "Swimming," which has recently been published, is in some respects a model for future bibliographers who may contemplate producing an elaborate analytical guide to the literature of any subject. He not only gives the title-page facts of the books to which he refers, but analyses and compares their contents, and speaks out very strongly on a point which must have been brought home to many people engaged in compiling or other research work—that is the frequency with which old literary material is hashed up again and again in a new, or rather a slightly renovated, form, without any indication of the fact to any one except the patient investigator. Mr. Thomas' patience and thoroughness are to be commended, his typographical and orthographical eccentricities may be forgiven; but it is to be hoped that they will not be imitated.

Rarely has a writer so closely identified himself with the work of one man as did Mr. Frederic George Kitton, whose early death has recently been recorded. Besides pamphlet memoirs of Hablot K. Browne (1882), John Leech (1883) and his father Frederic Kitton (1895), and one or two topographical publications, almost all of his work was associated with Charles Dickens, in whom, as the following list will serve to show, he found an apparently inexhaustible theme: "Dickensiana: a

Bibliography of the Literature relating to Charles Dickens and his Writings" (1886); *edited* the "Christmas Carol" (1890); "Charles Dickens by Pen and Pencil" (1890); "Artistic London: from the Abbey to the Tower with Dickens"—a pamphlet—(1891); "The Novels of Charles Dickens: a Bibliography and a Sketch" (1897); *edited* "To be Read at Dusk and Other Stories, Sketches and Essays by Charles Dickens" (1898); "Dickens and his Illustrators" (1899)—a popular work to which he gave the same title was



JACOBEOAN BEDSTEAD IN CARVED OAK (Early Seventeenth Century)

[Illustration from "How to Collect Old Furniture" (Bell)]

written by him in 1903 as one of the Dickens Fellowship Publications); "The Minor Writings of Charles Dickens: a Bibliography and a Sketch" (1900); *annotated* the "Rochester Edition" of Dickens' works (1900, &c.); "Charles Dickens: His Life, Writings and Personality"—in the "London Edition"—(1901); *edited* Mrs. Seymour's "An Account of the Origin of the 'Pickwick Papers'" (1901); *illustrated* with topographical drawings George Gissing's "Critical Study of Charles Dickens," prefixed to the "Imperial Edition" (1902); collaborated with Mr. G. K. Chesterton in the Bookman Booklet on Dickens (1903); *edited* "The Poems and Verses of Charles Dickens" (1903), "The Catalogue of the Dickens Exhibition" (1903), and was engaged in editing with annotations, bibliography and topography the American "Millionaire's edition" of Dickens' works, the publication of which commenced last year. I understand, too, that Mr. Kitton had completed his book on "The Dickens Country" and that it was in the press at the time of his death.

WALTER JERROLD.

Reviews

Morocco Painted and Described

MOROCCO: PAINTED BY A. S. FORREST AND DESCRIBED BY S. L. BENSUSAN. Pp. 231, with 74 coloured plates. (Black. 20s. net. Royal 8vo.)

"SURELY a simple tale of Sunset Land was never seen in such splendid guise before, and will not be seen again until, with past redeemed and forgotten, future assured, and civilisation modernised, Morocco ceases to be what it is to-day." So the penman of this handsome volume in his preface, and so his reviewer echoes, for his nearest rival, Mr. Burton Holmes' "Into Morocco" has but three of its 345 illustrations coloured, though all three are better than any this book contains, and are better reproduced. To take then the pictures first, as they stand in the title, the essential feature of the work; they are more honest than those of some artist-authors on Morocco, the best of whose sketches are made from the photographs they carefully affect to despise, and purchased ones at that!

But genuine though it be, Mr. Forrest's work, however artistic and effective—for it is both—here fails in fidelity. Too much straining after effect, and perhaps too much reliance placed on memory in the matter of colouring, together mar a number of his pictures. Imagine, for instance, the appearance of some of his men in bright red *jellábs*, or women in red veils or caps, on a Moorish market, and the stir they would create! It would be like a red coat on the Stock Exchange, or a jockey's cap at a funeral. For grotesque inaccuracy, the exaggeration of his "Patriarch" would be hard to match, though no doubt drawn from life. This, however, the fanciful figure on a Marrákesh house-top certainly was not, any more than the imaginary "Street in Tangier," which introduces an Eastern tower. There is also a Marrákesh *fandak* view sketched in Tangier. Apart from this, however, some allowance for over-colouring must be made on account of the "process" printing, which, to be successful, requires the painting of special pictures for reproduction thereby, just as in the case of designs to be afterwards "fired," wherein the unavoidable changes produced are calculated for by the artist.

But what matters this to the average reader? Those acquainted with the country will smile, and strangers will be captivated without question, as by the beautifully inaccurate peeps at child-life in Morocco, with their amazingly original text, in Mr. Mortimer Menpes' equally gorgeous volume on the children of the world. For the pleasure they give we could welcome more such volumes, and residents as well as strangers will turn with satisfaction to Mr. Forrest's evening scenes—at Mazagan, on the plains, in Mogador, near the Argan forest; and equally so to his roofs, street and bazaar of Marrákesh, his auctioneers and "Preparing Supper."

Mr. Bensusan, too, has caught the spirit of things Moorish, and their atmosphere, as few, alas! do, for, as he truly observes, "the qualifications that fit a man to make money and acquire the means for modern travel are often fatal to proper appreciation of the unfamiliar world he proposes to visit." But his Moorish ancestry and Jewish blood, of which, to his credit, he makes no secret, doubtless availed much in this. It also makes his handsome acknowledgment of the excellent work done by the Southern Morocco Mission worth quoting:

"It is not necessary to be of their faith to admire the steadfast devotion to high ideals that keeps Mr.

Nairn and his companions in Marrákesh. . . . If the few Europeans who visit the city are free to wander unchallenged, unmolested through its every street, let them thank the missionaries; if the news that men from the West are straight-dealing, honourable, and slaves to truth, has gone from the villages on the hither side of the Atlas down to the fair cities of Sus, let the missionaries be praised. And if a European woman can go unveiled yet ununsulted through Marrákesh, the credit is that of the ladies of the Mission. It may be said without mental reservation that the Southern Morocco Mission accomplishes a great work, and is most successful in its apparent failure. It does not make professing Christians out of Moors, but it teaches the Moors to live purer lives within the limits of their own faith, and . . . the world gains, and Morocco is served."

This again the reviewer endorses, from experience of Marrákesh before and after missionaries went there; and yet again, sharing the author's experience of approaching Athens, Rome, Constantinople, Damascus and Jerusalem—of these Rome only by rail—he endorses his remarks as to the "sense of solemnity and reverence not far removed from awe" wherewith these cities cannot fail to be approached by sympathetic travellers. To this list the reviewer would venture to add—again from experience—Moscow, Cairo, Shiráz, Srinagar (Cashmere), Bokhára, Benáres, and perhaps Mexico City. Yet there is something about unpretentious Marrákesh that runs them all close, and I also "never entered an Eastern city with greater pleasure, or left one with more sincere regret." But how much depends on arriving by road! It is, nevertheless, hardly fair to apply even to such a city a quotation from a native work on its northern rival, as Mr. Bensusan does.

It is a real pleasure to be able to record of the text of this volume, as of very few indeed of some 225 dealing with Morocco reviewed by the present writer, that from end to end it contains no important misstatement. Satisfied with setting down what he himself saw, with a few small gleanings from "The Moors," Mr. Bensusan has made a valuable contribution to the literature of that country, achieving a happy medium between the conventional melodramatic mock-orientalism of the "artistic" school, and the dry-as-dust reality of the student. It is of small moment that one of the aforesaid gleanings—the cleverly disguised prayer for the dead—should have been inserted at the wrong point of the service; that the letter "J" should be rendered "Dj," as though the French were already in possession; that "Habs," "El Faná," "Fejer" and "Jabeelát" should be rendered respectively "Hib," "Effina," "Feyer" and "Hillreeli"; that Bradford cloth should be attributed to Manchester; or that it should be inferred that animals eat the "nuts" of the Argan, rejecting the "kernel," whereas it is the olive-like flesh that they eat, rejecting the stone from which is expressed the oil. The Moors, by the way, have no objection to properly slaughtered Nazarene food of lawful varieties, and it is not necessary to turn a wounded bird to the east to render it lawful: thorough bleeding is the only requirement.

BUDGETT MEAKIN.

Eliza's London

LONDON IN THE TIME OF THE TUDORS. By Sir Walter Besant. (Black. 30s. net.)

THOUGH this volume deals with the London of the Tudors, its centre of interest is Elizabethan London, one

of the most fascinating cities the world has ever known—fascinating in itself and in its life. The London of mediævalism was vanishing, the great commercial London of to-day was drawing into sight. It was a time of parting with the old and of putting on the new; "There was a new religion, not yet crystallised into

sanitary; a nobleman then lacked many of the luxuries that the labourer can afford to-day. This optimism aside, Sir Walter has rebuilt for us with truth the London of those days, depending very largely on quotation's artful aid; he gives us many quaint bits of information, as this: "People went to bed with tobacco box and



BRIDEWELL PALACE AND THE ENTRANCE TO THE FLEET RIVER AS THEY APPEARED IN 1660

[Illustration from "London in the Time of the Tudors" (Black)]

Puritanism: a religion in which every man, for the first time after more than a thousand years, stood up before his Maker without an interposing priest; there was a new learning, full of wonder and of delight; there were new arts; there was a new world, a larger world, full of mysteries and monsters and undiscovered marvels; there was a new pride sprung up among the people; new adventures were possible; there were new roads to riches; England held a nobler place among the nations; everything seemed possible; the wildest extravagance was permitted in talk, in song, in the drama, in enterprise"—so Sir Walter Besant, who draws for us a vivid and, on the whole, truthful picture of this marvellous city. He tells us no new thing and for the scholar the chief value of the book lies in its admirable illustrations, though to one we must take exception—the reproduction of Delaroche's "Execution of Lady Jane Grey" is here quite out of place. For the general reader no better picture of Elizabethan London could be provided.

But when we think of Shakespeare's London are we not too ready to look upon its bright and to overlook its dark side? It was a city of magnificent contrasts, poverty and wealth, bright-hued life and black, pageants and sordid squalor, luxury and hardship, refinement and brutality. Perhaps human nature has not changed since then, but manners have, generally for the better. Sir Walter Besant evidently loved Elizabethan London and his love for it seems to have blinded him to its horrors. For many horrors there were. Take for a keynote to the cheap esteem in which human life and suffering were held this total of 228 persons hanged, burned and beheaded between 1563 and 1586. The chapters on crime and punishment and religion give some slight notion of the callousness of those days. Then, too, the houses and the streets with all their brave array were filthy and in-

pipe and candle on a table by the bedside in case they might wake up in the night and feel inclined for tobacco. After supper in a middle-class family, all the men and women smoked together. Nay, it is even stated that the very children in school took a pipe of tobacco instead of breakfast, the master smoking with them and instructing them how to bring the smoke through the nostrils in the fashion of the day. Tobacco was bought and sold in pennyworths."

Does not history curiously repeat itself? Are not many to-day agitated over the boyish love shown for cigarettes? How many problems there were then which caused anxiety to our rulers which have not yet been solved—the poor we have still with us and we know not yet how to feed or house or employ them.

I trust that there will soon be a cheap edition of this fine book. No better introduction could be desired to the study of Elizabethan history, literature and manners.

W. TEIGNMOUTH SHORE.

All is not Old that Litters

HOW TO COLLECT OLD FURNITURE. By Frederick Litchfield. (Bell. 5s. net.)

THERE is no place which offers Mr. Verdant Green so many chances of distinguishing himself as does a second-hand furniture shop. I do not refer to those establishments which are the headquarters of genuine or ingenious art-dealers, but to those delightful premises in some back street, where outcast chairs, tables, bureaux, candlesticks and other oddments share the joys and sorrows of a rough-and-tumble existence.

It is in these refuges for halt, lame and decrepit chattels that bargains are to be found, no doubt; but it

is seldom that they fall to the share of the amateur adventurer with little or no knowledge of the arts and crafts of past ages. Generally speaking, the novice finds that which he seeks—second-hand goods, their first and original owner having parted with them for reasons more or less obvious to the intelligent purchaser.

Nevertheless, the most ignorant man who takes pleasure in trying to ferret out old things for his house is a step in advance of the victim who furnishes a flat on the hire-system, with articles *which cannot be equalled*, or of that millionaire who gave a certain firm *bête noire* to decorate his mansion. It is for the man who has the innate desire to surround himself with pedigree furniture, but lacks the knowledge to enable him to discover it, that Mr. Litchfield's hints on "How to Collect Old Furniture" have been written.

Mr. Litchfield is known to be such a reliable authority on antiques that it is no wonder that the matter he has chosen to give us in this volume is correct in every detail. If it is desired to collect furniture of the Renaissance, Jacobean, French, Italian, Dutch, or eighteenth and nineteenth-century English style, the early chapters in this book may be consulted with absolute confidence. When to the knowledge thus acquired there is added an intelligent comprehension of the chapter on "Faked Furniture," with its sequel of "Hints and Cautions," the amateur will be able to make an excellent collection if—

But this "if" is the stumbling-block, for it is all a question of money. The majority of us can never hope to have anything more than a national interest in such exquisite "pieces" as are described to us by Mr. Litchfield and represented in the excellent illustrations to his book. Will he not write for us another guide on "How to Collect Old Furniture," which shall make such an appeal to our taste as can be responded to by our purses?

And will he into this much-to-be-desired popular handbook weave some of the romance which hovers around the household gods of our ancestors? Will he tell us how, in the days when floors were made of stone, braces were put low down on the legs of chairs, so that the dainty feet of noble ladies could seek thereon a protection from cold? Will he describe the customs of the times when the generous host provided his guests with food for the night and a livery cupboard wherein to keep it? Will he tell us how the cypress chests were used as a storehouse for

"Costly apparel, tents, and canopies,
Fine linen, Turkey cushions boss'd with pearl,
Valance of Venice gold in needlework,
Pewter and brass and all things that belong
To house or housekeeping"?

And please will he give us a chapter dealing with a piece of household furniture on which so much care was lavished by the craftsman of bygone days—the cradle?

We are so hungry for information on "How to Collect Old Furniture," and Mr. Litchfield's book is so appetising, that, like *Oliver Twist*, we cry for "More"; but it must not be thought that we do not appreciate present favours. Every collector will be grateful to the author who has supplemented so much valuable information with so many practical hints and who has had the good sense to refer to specimen pieces which are preserved in our own country. Most of the examples quoted can be seen with a minimum of trouble and with a maximum of pleasure.

EDITH A. BROWNE.

Ancient Jews and Modern Judaism

EARLY HEBREW STORY: ITS HISTORICAL BACKGROUND.
By John P. Peters, D.D. (Crown Theological Library, Vol. VII. Williams & Norgate. 5s.)

JEWISH ADDRESSES: DELIVERED AT THE SERVICES OF THE JEWISH RELIGIOUS UNION DURING THE FIRST SESSION, 1902-3. (Brimley Johnson. 3s. 6d. net.)

It is in the best interests of orthodoxy, as of truth in a less special sense, that the public should have an opportunity of learning something of the true history of the sacred books which the uncritical devotion of previous ages has wrapped away in a place by themselves. When it has become obvious to the man in the street that the account of the Creation given in Genesis is not historical, that the Flood is a fable, that the Confusion of Tongues is inconsistent with the elementary facts of comparative philology, it is quite time that he should be allowed also to learn what is the true place of the Jewish race in the general history of the world and so much as can be conjectured as to the sources and authorship of the sacred books which the Christian world has reverently received at its hands.

Dr. Peters has a pleasing popular style and a happy knack of illustrative comparison. For instance, English history may be said to commence in the form of the Saxon Chronicle, which grew out of the Bishops' Roll of Winchester, drawing additional material from Bede and other sources unknown, and carrying the story down to date. The Saxon Chronicle was extended backward and forward by various hands after Alfred's time; it was, as it were, amalgamated with the history of the Irish Marian by Florence of Worcester, so as to form a conflate work of which it is a matter of extreme difficulty to assign to every passage its source or author. So, to quote the paragraph in which Dr. Peters sums up the tolerably certain steps by which the historical books of the Old Testament were developed:

"We have in those books which contain the early story of Israel, first, a simple and very uncritical narrative delighting in episodes and personal adventures, the Judaean story, called by the critics J. A little further advanced in its moral and religious standpoint, a little less naïve, is the Israelitic narrative covering in general the same ground, called by the critics E. Out of those, united into one, and treated with a religious presupposition based on the teaching of the prophets, was formed the Deuteronomic history. This Deuteronomic history was later combined in its early part with another history, written from the priestly standpoint, laying emphasis on form and ceremony, sacrifice and ritual, judging events from the standpoint of the law, and interpreting history, from the creation onward, from a legal and priestly standpoint. This priestly work, combined with the Deuteronomic, gives us our present Hexateuch, the first six books of our Bible."

Dr. Peters further prepares the way for his more particular examination of the Jewish records by a graphic and arresting sketch, drawn largely from archaeological sources, of the primitive history of the peoples and regions out of which Israel emerges as a chosen unit among the nations. And, lest his work should be accused of having a tendency merely destructive, he gives us, in his last lecture, a clear clue to the heart of the Old Testament's ethical teaching.

That the progress of Old Testament criticism has not left untouched the modern representatives of the ancient people we have evidence in the "Jewish Addresses." It is not long since, in these columns, we noticed a book on "Liberal Judaism," from the pen of Mr. C. G. Montefiore. The present volume is a sign that Mr.

Montefiore was not by any means singular in his opinion that the traditional Hebrew cult needed modification if his enlightened brethren were to be saved from drifting into indifference and agnosticism. "The majority,"

haps it may be some guide to the industrious explorer that, from the local colour of his book, he appears to be an Australian. His present volume belongs to the class which is quite meritorious in its way and measure.



THE BAZAAR AT BHAMO

[Illustration from "Further India" (Lawrence & Bullen)]

it is confessed, "seem to be losing hold upon religion altogether." It has been the aim of the preachers, of whom Mr. C. G. Montefiore is one (or, as it might be said, is several), to meet and combat some, at least, of the graver difficulties to which this deplorable tendency is due. Their treatment of such questions is frank and lucid and should well serve the end for which the Jewish Religious Union exists.

Poetry

SUSPIRIOSÆ COGITATIONES. By the Author of "Poems and Other Verses." (Kegan Paul. 1s. 6d. net.)

SCATTERED VERSES. By T. S. Omond. (R. Pelton, Tunbridge Wells. 1s. net.)

JEZEBEL: A DRAMA. By P. Mordaunt Barnard, B.D. (Griffiths. 2s. net.)

COLLECTION OF POEMS. By Wellesley Shatwell. (Gay & Bird. 2s. 6d. net.)

O'ER SOUTHERN SEAS. By G. J. Trares. (Drane. 6s.)

THESE five books between them represent pretty well three grades in the average supply of verse which proceeds steadily from the printing-press—a perpetual refutation of the axiom that demand breeds and regulates supply. Because there is absolutely no demand for it, yet it comes unceasingly. Neither does it countenance the converse theory—that supply creates demand—for the inexhaustible supply of such verse leaves the public not merely indifferent but unconscious.

"Suspiriosæ Cogitationes" is by a writer who modestly conceals himself as the author of "Poems and Other Verses"—about the vaguest announcement possible. How the reader shall identify the book in question among the multitude of "Poems and Other Verses" which have issued from the press, we know not. Per-

His technical mastery of verse is somewhat rough; but he has a good deal of thought which is his own, which has (so to speak) been *lived out*; and that always gives substance and interest to verse. In describing the scenery of Australia he shows a considerable power of pictorial diction; and he possesses imagination, though not in a marked or impressive degree. He lacks nothing to be a poet of the lesser kind but—poetry. He lacks the nameless magic by which, however small its portion, we recognise the poet. Without it, he is still a versifier who can be read with a certain pleasure. But he is not at home in the more lyrical lyric, the little poem of lightness and grace. His failure in this kind makes one shiver.

Mr. T. S. Omond's "Scattered Verses" belong very much to the same class, with the difference that he has greater technical accomplishment and less imaginative quality. His expression is more after the conventional poetic pattern. His thought, too, is less individual—belongs more to a familiar cast of thought. He announces that his book is for private circulation, but that a few copies may be had at the printer's. "Jezebel" takes us a grade lower than the foregoing volumes. It is of the class which has nothing of poetry but the metrical form. Inasmuch as it is a drama, the absence of poetry is not necessarily fatal, though a blank-verse drama without poetry secures all the disadvantages without the advantages of that form. The Scriptural career of Jezebel presents obvious tragic and dramatic possibilities. How many plays await their dramatist, indeed, in the Bible! But Mr. Barnard is not that dramatist. His characters are conventional and the drama has only such dramatic action as was inseparable from the Biblical narrative. The dialogue and speeches, regarded even as prose, are stereotyped and lacking in

force. If this be prose in blank-verse, much of Mr. Shatwell's "Collection of Poems" is simply rhymed prose. At his best he can be prettily musical and rather prettily graceful in expression. But it is shallow and without hint of any originality or distinction. Mr. Trares' "O'er Southern Seas" has originality with a vengeance in one respect. It belongs to a very curious class—that of the book which has a certain potential faculty, but is quite without knowledge. There is considerable poetic feeling; there is evidence of what might be a glowing descriptive gift. But he obviously is ignorant of metrical law; he has not learned to express himself coherently within the bonds of verse and he has a passion for coinage which is quite untrammelled by scholarly acquirements. The result—in the latter respect particularly—is surprising. "Atramentous," "Melanchole" and "exponential" are but casual specimens of these amazing inventions. It would be easy to quote mad orgies of words, but we will not peer further, for there are glimpses which suggest that the author might compass saner things if he did not strain for sublimity and would learn the elements of poet-craft.

FURTHER INDIA: BEING THE STORY OF EXPLORATION FROM THE EARLIEST TIMES IN BURMA, MALAYA, SIAM AND INDO-CHINA. By Hugh Clifford, C.M.G. (Lawrence & Bullen. 7s. 6d.)

ANOTHER volume of that most excellent series "The Story of Exploration." Mr. Hugh Clifford, a proved authority on Further Ind, has produced a thoroughly readable, trustworthy and fascinating book, well indexed and well illustrated, with reproductions of the old maps of Pomponius Mela, Ptolemy, Edrisi, Masudi, Linschoten, Blaew, Danville and Lizar. He says, rightly enough, that the failure of the lands of south-eastern Asia to make a strong appeal to the imagination of the peoples of Europe is to be ascribed not to their intrinsic unimportance, or yet to any lack of wealth, of beauty, of charm, or of the interest that springs from a mysterious and mighty past. The reason is to be sought solely in the mere accident of their geographical position. Lying as they do mid-way upon the great sea route which leads from India to China, it has been the fate of these countries to be overshadowed from the beginning by the immensity and the surpassing fascination of their mighty neighbours.

Not that Further India has lacked its explorers, its records of travel, and, in a way, its historians. The author, in an appendix, gives a bibliography of some two hundred books, arranged chronologically, from Purchas his Pilgrimes (1625) to the General Reports of the Operations of the Survey of India Department of last year.

Foremost among these is naturally Francis Garnier, who, if not the discoverer, was at least the re-discoverer of much of the debateable land. Mr. Clifford pays just tribute to his genius, his optimism, his tremendous self-confidence and his regrettable but undeniable hatred of England and all that was English. "His aim was nothing less than the total destruction of England, and he hoped to that end to form a confraternity which should bring about a consummation so devoutly to be wished." He called England "a Colossus—with rotten feet—shake her, and she will fall." Nevertheless, we can well afford to laugh at the man's hatred, and to admire and respect him for his work, which has outlived and killed any contemporary animosity.

The author says incidentally that the wonderful story of Marco Polo's great overland journey in the company

of his father and uncle when they set forth from Constantinople "to traverse the world" will be dealt with in a separate volume. This promised book will be looked forward to with the most pleasurable anticipation.

Fiction

THE FUGITIVE. By Ezra S. Brudno. (Heinemann, 6s.) "The Fugitive" is not so much a novel as an attempt to show the effects of modern culture and free thought upon Judaism, exemplified by the life history of a Lithuanian Jew. It is written in the first person and starts with an account of the writer's early days in sleepy lethargic Lithuania. He is early deprived of his parents and dependent upon the charity of members of the Synagogue. He drifts from place to place, sometimes without food, sometimes ill treated by the Gentiles, but always with the thirst for learning in his heart. Finally he obtains a stipend at the Seminary of Javolin and devotes himself to the study of the revered Talmud. But he is bitten with the passion for culture; the Talmud is thrown aside and he follows after strange gods—the gods of the Gentiles. He races feverishly through book after book, volumes of philosophy, history, literature—all fan the flame. He conceives a scorn and loathing for Talmudic teaching; the Jewish life seems to him sordid, narrow, unprofitable. The Rabbi in expelling him mourns over him thus: "Modern culture is like poison—a cure to one, death to another. To Judaism it is death . . . it is either to remain a Jew in the old sense or give up Judaism entirely. The inherent faculty of criticism in our race in a scientific age will not tolerate Judaism or any other religion." One is made to feel strongly that this is not the struggle of one particular Jew, but of Jews all over the world. The style is clear and direct if not polished; some of the descriptions, notably that of the terrible riot in the Jewish quarter, are particularly striking and forceful. A novel that gives rise to thought, full of interest from cover to cover.

THEY TWAIN. By Mrs. Aubrey Richardson. (Unwin, 6s.) As the title suggests, we have here another volume dealing with some aspects of marriage. We are asked to be present at the wedding of a simple hoydenish country girl to a man of the world; not a man who, as far as we can see, ever transgressed any social or moral laws, but just a man. Joyce, for such is the heroine's name, is surprised and incredulous that evil should exist; it is to be feared that the village parson failed lamentably in his duties. She figures as an exclamation of horror through many pages. Her husband is the Mayor of Brambleton, and as the wife of such a celebrity she is expected to hold weekly "At homes." Joyce demurs at first. Speaking of such functions in her native country village, she says: "I swore horribly when I had to go to them, and generally got out of it and waited outside for auntie." Suburban Brambleton does not appreciate such a reluctant hoydenish hostess, and indeed we may say that Mrs. Richardson has failed signally in her description of such society. It is Peckham and Clapham seen through the window of a passing train. What Mrs. Richardson fails to give us in the matter of sensation she makes up for by the introduction of small domestic details. We are assured that the hero's appetite is a healthy one in an early chapter, where he consumes "a small haddock and a couple of eggs" for breakfast. We wonder how many lumps of sugar he took in his coffee?

OUR LADY OF BEAUTY. By Lucas Cleeve. (Digby, Long, 6s.) The heroine of this story is none other than the beautiful Agnes Sorelle, Demoiselle de Fromenteau, while the hero is Charles VII. of France. Lucas Cleeve has undoubtedly supplemented the bare outlines of history by her own imagination, but what of that? "Our Lady of Beauty" holds our interest from Marie de Belleville's account of Agnes's first meeting with the King, as a schoolgirl of fifteen, to her sad and pitiful end as the *maîtresse en titre*

du roi, the first in France to be so named. The charm and beauty of Agnes Sorelle, her passionate love for the King, her wisdom and diplomacy, her wit and bravery, form the theme of this novel. Lucas Cleeve has made a fascinating picture of her; a picture to linger in the memory. She has expended infinite care in the delineation of her character; she has set herself the task of showing us the heart of Agnes Sorelle, the tender sorrowful heart of a woman who for weal or woe loved her King and gave herself for the good of France. This is what Lucas Cleeve has made of Agnes Sorelle—the saviour of France. Loved ardently by the weak, easy-going King, with an infinite influence over his smallest actions, she yields her purity to save France. "It is a shame and great wrong for those who make history to write of Agnes as if she were a sinful woman . . . for there was none so pure in heart as our Lady of Beauty."

Whether it is the real Agnes Sorelle or no, Lucas Cleeve has given us the story of a woman's heart, a story that is worth the reading. But as a sketch of the Court of Charles VII. it is hardly so successful. Atmosphere is singularly lacking.

A LADDER OF SWORDS. By Gilbert Parker. (Heinemann, 6s.) Reading Sir Gilbert Parker's latest novel, we are moved to ask wistfully what has become of the author of the "Seats of the Mighty." He is, at all events, not to be found in the book before us, which, if signed by another name, might pass as a pleasant story, though a trifle thin. The beginning, located in Jersey, promises well, and the Seigneur de Rozel, the great-hearted, thick-witted Norman gentleman, is well sketched in; indeed, he remains throughout the most vital, perhaps the only vital, figure in the drama. Angèle and Michel de la Forêt are but conventional lovers, and when the scene shifts to the Court of Elizabeth we grow conscious of a pervasive unreality. The Queen herself is too much woman and too little stateswoman, her paramount interest in the pair of Huguenot exiles does not prove very convincing. Neither are we able to persuade ourselves that Leicester, with his trained and subtle brain and desperate ambition, ever staked his fortunes on a strife with such inconsiderable foes and blundered so egregiously in his methods. The truth appears to be that the writer, who was heart and soul at home in Quebec under France's Lilies, has sojourned but in passing in Tudor England. He fails to convey the sense of daring, of unexplored possibilities, of that Court whence Elizabeth's great venturers sailed "into the sunset." "A Ladder of Swords" is not worthy of its author or of its significant title, but it is a gracious love story, with occasional touches which suggest deeper things in tantalising fashion.

A SOLDIER AND A GENTLEMAN. By James MacLaren Cobban. (Long, 6s.) Coming at a time when great interest is taken in cases of mistaken identity, this story of impersonation may appear a degree less improbable. The novel reader is familiar enough with the devices of the impetuous baronet whose estate is swallowed up by mortgage and whose only security lies in the successful marriage of son or daughter. The ratification of such an agreement of marriage will net to the baronet, in this instance, the sum of £10,000; and the novelty of the plot consists in finding for the son, who is a hopeless blackguard and imbecile, a presentable double sound in mind and limb, so that a marriage can be considered in the field of practical politics. It is intended, of course, to produce the real son at the critical moment, and the author is confident that no one will be any the wiser. The desirable double is found in Corporal Major Ferrers, lately returned from the Soudan. His debut of imposture is crowned with all success; his own, or rather, supposed cousin, to whom he has made love years ago, fails to suspect him; the servants and *habitués* of the place accept him without question. But the inevitable happens: the heart of the proxy runs away with the head; he revolts at the duplicity of the situation, and determines to betray the situation. Mr. Cobban makes no trifling demands on one's conceptions of the probabilities of life. His conspirators meet at the unnecessary hour of 5 a.m.; his forest fire, where-

in he destroys the imbecile son, is rather a clumsy affair; he introduces several characters, fills them with air, gives them the semblance of vitality and the mystery of a soul, and then lets them drop into obscurity. But the love of Dolly Dawlish is a beautiful thing, and the story has the swing of romance which makes for a good book.

Reprints and New Editions

Among the reprints this week two large and handsome volumes stand out prominently. They are the big fish of this week's ingathering—the first two volumes of Messrs. Chapman & Hall's Standard Edition of CARLYLE. This edition will be completed in eighteen volumes, and will present a goodly show upon our bookshelves when the whole set is ready. The volumes are really remarkable for the price, even in this age of cheap reprints. For the uniform price of 5s. a volume any or all of these promised eighteen volumes may be obtained. Surely no such handsome edition as this has ever before been produced at such a small price. The books are sensibly bound in strong black buckram, with portrait or other frontispiece in each volume, while the printing and paper leave nothing to be desired. It is amusing to come across in connection with this new edition Carlyle's own words in prefacing the second edition of Schiller's life, "a poor book which has still to walk this world, to walk in clean linen, so to speak, and pass its few and evil days with no blotches but its own adhering to it." The two volumes of this new edition now available contain the lives of Schiller and Sterling, with two portraits and illustrations, and "The French Revolution"—an excellent start. I may mention that the plates are particularly well printed, and calculated to please even the most critical. I am glad to see that the publishers have resisted the temptation to catch the public eye with gaudy decoration and showy binding; the lover of Carlyle will, I am sure, heartily approve of the dignified exterior and interior of this edition. Carlyle, of all writers, demands simplicity and dignity. I predict a large sale for these volumes. Another reprint that I can also heartily praise is Emerson's CONDUCT OF LIFE (the Lighthouse Library of Great Thinkers, Schulze & Co.). This is by no means a pocket edition—indeed, it is an unusual size both in binding and type. It has quite a character of its own; it seems to indicate its writer's own broad fair rules for the ordering of a man's life, it hints that nothing small or underhand may be found in its pages. After so many dainty pocket volumes—so charming to look at, but not always so pleasant to read—it comes almost as a relief and a pleasure. A quaint old book, **WORKE FOR CVTLERS: OR A MERRY DIALOGUE BETWEENE SWORD, RAPIER, AND DAGGER**, is sent by the Cambridge University Press (5s. net). It has been edited, with historical prologue and glossary, by Mr. Albert Forbes Sieveking, and also contains an introductory note by Dr. A. W. Ward. No doubt many at Cambridge, as well as in London, who had the pleasure of hearing this dialogue performed there and at Gray's Inn Hall, will welcome this pleasant souvenir. Carlyle again! This time his essays on BURNS, SCOTT, AND JOHNSON (the Temple Classics, Dent, leather 2s. net, cloth 1s. 6d. net). I have so often praised this series that I have nothing to add save that this volume is as excellent as the others. Now for four volumes of verse. First, a small volume of poems by Dora Greenwell (Methuen, 2s. net). I note that this edition is founded on Pickering's edition of 1848. Prettily bound and well printed. Secondly, **A WHITTIER TREASURE**, selected by the Countess of Portsmouth (Broadbent, 1s. 6d.), and printed on goodly paper. It will commend itself to admirers of this poet. Lastly, two paper-bound booklets—Milton's **COMUS** and Chaucer's **PROLOGUE TO THE CANTERBURY TALES** (Marshall, 6d. each). In each of these the notes are reduced to a minimum. Though primarily intended for the use of beginners, they form agreeable pocket volumes for such of us as snatch a few minutes' reading now and then.

F. T. S.

Forthcoming Books, etc.

Mr. Henry Frowde is about to publish in two volumes, of which only 240 copies will be offered for sale, an exact facsimile of the original English edition of the German popular stories collected by the brothers Grimm. All the illustrations by George Cruikshank which appeared in the first and second series of the stories, issued in 1823 and 1826 respectively, will be reproduced, and these will be printed from the original plates.—Messrs. Duckworth & Co. announce "Italian Medals," by Cornelius von Fabriczy, translated by Mrs. Gustavus W. Hamilton, with forty-one plates and with notes by G. F. Hill, of the Coins and Medals Department in the British Museum.—A new novel by the author of "If I were King" (Justin Huntly McCarthy) is about to be issued by Messrs. Methuen, under the title of "The Lady of Loyalty House."—Messrs. Archibald Constable will publish early in October a volume of essays by a new Scottish writer, Mr. Robert Locke Bremner. It will be entitled "The Modern Pilgrimage: from Theology to Religion."—Professor Marcus Dods has in the press a new work entitled "The Bible: its Origin and Nature." The book will be published by Messrs. T. & T. Clark, Edinburgh, during the autumn season. The same firm have also added to their autumn announcements a book by the Rev. Henry F. Henderson, M.A., Dundee, on "The Religious Controversies of Scotland."—Mr. John Lane announces for September 27 Mr. Ernest Vizetelly's "Emile Zola, Novelist and Reformer: an Account of his Life and Work," illustrated by numerous portraits, views, and facsimiles.—On the same date Mr. Lane will issue "Charms," a new novel by the Earl of Iddesleigh.—On September 26 Mr. T. Fisher Unwin will publish "The Third Experiment," the second novel of Miss Rosamond Langbridge, whose book, "The Flame and the Flood," was one of the successes of the First Novel Library.—"Some Difficulties in the Life of Our Lord" is a work by Rev. George L. Cochran, M.A., which will be published by Mr. Elliot Stock during the coming season.

New Books Received

Theological and Biblical

- Spurgeon, C. H., *How God Comes to Man: a Sermon* (Passmore & Alabaster), 0/1.
 Hastings, D.D., J. (edited), *The Expository Times*, Vol. XV. (T. & T. Clark), 7/6.
 Dimbleby, J. B., *The Bible's Astronomical Chronology versus Evolution and the Higher Criticism* (Glasgow: Bryce), 0/1.
 Kingsland, J. P. (edited), *Man and his Environment* (Murray), 7/6 net.
 Otley, R. R. (edited), *The Book of Isaiah according to the Septuagint* (Clay), 5/0 net.
 Hand, the Rev. J. E. (edited), *Ideals of Science and Faith* (Allen), 5/0 net.
 Wilson, D.D., the Ven. J. M., *Notes for One Year's Sunday School Lessons* (S.P.C.K.), 1/0.
 Sinker, W., *By Reef and Shoal* (S.P.C.K.), 0/5.
 Galloway, G., *Studies in the Philosophy of Religion* (Blackwood), 7/6 net.
 Palmer, the Rev. E. H., *The Eagle and the Cross* (Skeffington), 5/0 net.
 Forde, Georgiana M., *The King of Love* (Skeffington), 2/6.
 James, the Rev. M. H., *God and His Witnesses* (Skeffington), 2/6.

Poetry, Criticism, Drama, and Belles-Lettres

- Jack, A. A., *Shelley: An Essay* (Constable), 3/6 net.
 Hankin, St. John, *Lost Masterpieces and Other Verses* (Constable), 3/6 net.
 De Queiroz, Eca, *done into English by E. Prestage*, *The Sweet Miracle* (Nutt), 1/0 net.
 Havillar, Florence, *The Legend of Saint Frideriside* (Constable), 2/5 net.
 Peterson, F., *A Song of the Latter Day* (New York: Cheltenham Press).
 Grant Duff, Sir M. E. (edited), *Gems from the Victorian Anthology* (Sonnenschein), 2/6 net.

History and Biography

- Ellis, W. A., *Life of Richard Wagner*, Vol. IV. (Kegan Paul), 16/0 net.
 Hogg, Ethel M., *Quinton Hogg* (Constable), 12/6 net.
 Hutton, W. H. (edited), *Letters of William Stubbs, Bishop of Oxford, 1825-1901* (Constable), 17/6 net.

Travel and Topography

- Geere, H. V., *By Nile and Euphrates* (T. & T. Clark), 8/6 net.

Science and Philosophy

- Snider, D. J., *Modern European Philosophy* (St. Louis: Sigma Publishing Company), \$1.50.

Art

- Fortescue, Beatrice, *Holbein* (Methuen), 2/6 net.
 Paolo Veronese (Newnes), 3/6 net.
 Famous Painters and their Pictures (Sonnenschein), 0/6 net.

Educational

- Sers, L. (edited), *Victor Hugo's Bug-Jargal* (Oxford Press), 2/0.
 Dupuis, A. (edited), *Jules Sandeau's Mademoiselle de la Seiglière* (Oxford Press), 2/6.
 Hallam, S. G. (edited), *Alphonse Karr's Extraits du Voyage autour de mon Jardin* (Oxford Press), 2/0.
 Manson, J. E. (edited), *A. de Tocqueville's Quinze Jours au Désert and Voyage en Sicile* (Oxford Press), 2/0.
 Pechinet, Marie A. (edited), *H. de Balzac's La Vendetta and Pierre Grasson* (Oxford Press), 2/0.
 Smith, Mary B. (edited), *A. de Lamartine's Deux Héroïnes de la Révolution Française* (Oxford Press), 2/6.
 Sers, L. (edited), *Chateaubriand's Mémoires d'Outre-Tombe* (Oxford Press), 2/5.
 Smith, A. H. (edited), *L. Gosselin's Le Château de Vaux* (Oxford Press), 1/5.
 Hein, G., and Becker, M., *Commercial German, Part II.* (Murray), 4/6.
 M'Dougall, E. H., *Landmarks of European History* (Blackie), 3/6.
 Winbolt, S. E. (edited), *English Poetry for the Young* (Blackie), 1/0.
 Roberts, R., *A New Geometry for Beginners* (Blackie), 1/6.
 Sandeau, A., *La Pierre de Touche* (Blackie), 0/8.
 Michelet, Jeanne d'Aro (Blackie), 0/4.
 Degani, Maria A., *Some Aspects of Italian Education, with Special Reference to the Teaching of History and of the Mother-Tongue* (Teachers' Training Society).

Miscellaneous

- Dickerson, P., Kidd, Beatrice E., and Crickmay, E., *The Eton College Hare-Hunt* (Humanitarian League), 0/6.
 Hart-Davis, Captain H., *Stalking Sketches* (Cox).
 Brown, J. D., *Classified List of Current Periodicals* (The Library Association), 0/6 net.
 Greenwood, E., *Classified Guide to Technical and Commercial Books* (Scott, Greenwood), 7/6 net.
 Knight, F. A., *A Corner of Arcady* (Dent), 7/6 net.
 Gordon, K.C.B., *General Sir John J. H., The Sikhs* (Blackwood), 7/6 net.
 Story, A. T., *The Story of Wireless Telegraphy* (Newnes), 1/0.
 Travis, W. J., and White, J., *The Art of Putting* (Macmillan), 1/0 net.
 Avebury, Lord, *The Scenery of England* (Macmillan), 6/0.
 Cecil, Lady William, *Bird Notes on the Nile* (Constable), 3/6 net.

Fiction

- Maugham, W. S., "The Merry-go-round" (Heinemann), 6/0; Albanesi, E. Maria, "Capricious Caroline" (Methuen), 6/0; Twells, Julia H., "Et Tu, Sejanus!" (Chatto & Windus), 6/0; Gwynne, P., "The Bandolero" (Constable), 6/0; Moore, A., "Archers of the Long Bow" (Constable), 6/0; Gallon, T., "Boden's Boy" (Hutchinson), 6/0; Mende, L. T., "Love Triumphant" (Unwin), 6/0; Deane, Mary, "The Rose Spinner" (Murray), 6/0; Gerard, M., "A Lieutenant of the King" (Cassell), 6/0; Reed, Myrtle, "The Master's Violin" (Putnam), 6/0; Shiel, M. P., "The Evil that Men Do" (Ward, Lock), 6/0; Haslam, J., "The Handloom Weaver's Daughter" (Brown, Langham), 6/0; Underhill, Evelyn, "The Grey World" (Heinemann), 6/0; Tolstoy, Leo, new translation by Constance Garnett, "War and Peace," in 3 volumes (Heinemann), 7/6 per vol.; Carey, Rosa N., "At the Moorings" (Macmillan), 6/0; Julius, "The Sorrows of Jupiter" (Greening), 3/6; Oxenham, J., "Hearts in Exile" (Hodder & Stoughton), 6/0; Swan, Annie S., "Mary Garth" (Hodder & Stoughton), 3/6; Runciman, W., "The Shellback's Progress" (Scott), 3/6; Grindon, M., "Till the Sun Grows Cold" (Simpkin, Marshall), 2/6 net.

Juvenile

- Turner, Ethel, *Mother's Little Girl* (Ward, Lock), 3/6.
 Payne, Irene, *Baby Bunting and Co.* (Jarrold), 1/6.
 Young England (S.S.U.), 5/0.
 Chums (Cassell), 8/0.
 The Child's Own Magazine (S.S.U.), 1/0.
 Caine, P. V., *Sons of Victory* (Nisbet), 5/0.
 Jane (Nisbet), 1/6.
 Little Golden Hair (Nisbet), 1/6.

Reprints and New Editions

- Emerson, *Conduct of Life* (Schulze).
 Lavignac, A. (translated by W. Marchant), *Music and Musicians* (Putnam), 7/6 net.
 Early English Prose Romances: Robert the Deynll (Schulze).
 Parrish, R., *When Wilderness was King* (Putnam), 6/0.
 Richards, H., *Diana's Inheritance* (Henderson), 0/3.
 Milton, *Paradise Lost*, Part I., illustrated by Doré (Cassell), 0/6 net.
 Carlyle, *The Works of: Vol. I., French Revolution; Vol. II., Life of Schiller—Life of Sterling* (Chapman & Hall), 5/0 per vol.
 Sieveking, A. F. (edited), *Works for Cytlers* (Clay), 5/0 net.
 Greenwell, Dora, *Poems* (Methuen), 2/0 net.
 Shakespeare, *King Henry VIII., Coriolanus* (Methuen), 1/0 each net.
 Prothero, R. E., *The Psalms in Human Life* (Murray), 5/0 net.
 Merejkowski, Dmitri, *The Death of the Gods* (Constable), 2/6 net.
 Ruskin, *The Seven Lamps of Architecture* (Allen), 3/6 net.
 Canning, the Hon. A. S. G., *Literary Influence in British History* (Unwin), 7/6 net.
 Belfield, H. C., *Handbook of the Federated Malay States* (Stanford), 2/6.
 Browning, A., *Death in the Desert* (Sonnenschein), 1/6 net.
 Shallcross, J. M., *Municipal Shortcomings* (Stock), 1/0 net.

Sixpenny Reprints

- Hornung, E. W., *A Bride from the Bush* (Newnes).

Periodicals

- "The Women's Industrial News," "Picture Postcard and Collectors' Chronicle," "Occasional Papers," "New Africa," "Review of Reviews," "North American Review," "Economic Journal," "Girl's Realm," "The Premier Magazine," "The Cosmopolitan," "Twentieth Century Home," "The Artisan," "The Royal," "Pall Mall Magazine."

Bookseller's Catalogues

- Mr. Bertram Dobell (*Rare, General*), 77 Charing Cross Road.

Egomet

I HAD once the honour of meeting Mr. Lewis Carroll, and he conversed with me on Greek roots: I sat opposite to him at lunch, where there was a large party assembled. He ate a biscuit and drank a glass of sherry; he spoke but a few words. But afterward in the drawing-room he forgathered with mine hostess' two little girls, whom he entertained to their delight. This conduct was, I have been told, typical of the man. He was never so happy as when with the children; he seldom shone brightly in the company of his contemporaries. By a curiosity of fate his two great books are a delight to old and young alike.

Of the many children's books that I read in my childish days some few are still my solace, notably "The Pilgrim's Progress," "Robinson Crusoe," "Gulliver's Travels" and Hans Andersen's Fairy Tales. Of these four three were written for men and women; yet their appeal is now chiefly to children. Hans Andersen wrote mainly for the young ones, but we older folk can see in his tales hearty human sentiment of which a child can know nothing. The two "Alices" came to me later on, and I know not which I treasure the most—"The Wonderland" or "The Looking-glass." They are books for all ages: the little ones laugh and make merry over the queer folk and the birds and the beasts and the fishes; and we grown-ups laugh too, seeing also a whimsical, illogical logic in it all that highly entertains us.

SOME of the books of childhood's days would, I fear, were I to attempt them again, prove sour grapes. I have pleasant recollections of the first time that I read "The Swiss Family Robinson"; but— I have unpleasant remembrances of a little book in a yellow cloth cover, which dealt with the adventures of an awful little prig called, I think, Frank, who asked questions of his insufferable parents which could never have occurred to the mind of any sane, sound boy. Then, too, Sandford and Merton raised my ire, and I have never subdued my dislike of Mr. Thomas Day, pedant and busybody.

I AM thankful, properly so, that I can still read with childlike eyes and understanding those books which I have named as still among my literary consolations—that immortal six. I shall realise that I am indeed growing old when the time comes—I pray it may never come—that I fail to read with simple pleasure these my old friends and comrades. I see, of course, in them more than a child can; but I am content so long as I can find in them all that a child does. I suppose children do read them nowadays? If publishers' lists and bookshop windows at Christmastide are any true guides the young folk still know what is good for them. How little, however, we elders know of the children around us, or recollect of our own childhood. If we remembered more clearly our own childish terrors and troubles, how far happier than they are could we make the lives of the little ones with whom we come in contact. It is a very rare spirit that can put himself or herself in the place of a child. Mr. Barrie, to my thinking, is one of them.

I do not often peep into a modern child's book, but almost as often as I do am I surprised at its contents. Do our children of to-day really like the literary provender set before them? Boys are more suitably catered for than girls. There are a plenty of good stirring adventure books still. But for the girls! Wishy-washy, namby-pamby, sticky rubbish. So I consider the most part of it; but then I am a mere man, and what can I know of a girl's mind? I do say this, that, if girls delight in this sort of stuff, it is wonderful that any of them grow up into sensible women. But, after all, kittens grow up into sedate cats!

But it is bed-time hour. What shall I take with me to read in bed? It shall be "Robinson Crusoe." I wonder how many of us—by the way—have read Crusoe's theological and moral discourses?

E. G. O.

Under the Stars

LAYING down the volume in which a deep and noble thinker has almost succeeded in proving that the world around me is an ideal existence planted by the Divine Mind in mine, and wishing that Berkeley could have proved his case, I go out to see the stars. Reflecting that his creed at least resembles mine in seeing a Unity as the Cause and essence of all things, I gaze on the multiplicity around me. I sit upon a bench, the corpse of a tree, fashioned to this purpose by men now dead as it is. Away to the east, over the North Sea, is Capella, adorable star. I look round for my other favourites. Vega, towards whom I remember that I am voyaging as I gaze, is overhead; Arcturus, fastest of the flying stars, is setting in the west; the Pleiades are risen, I can discern six stars, and remember that photography has discerned fifty thousand; below them is Aldebaran the red—unlike us who gaze, ruddy in death, for he was once white-hot like Vega, and is now near his end. From this lonely star I look up and gaze at the Milky Way—that overwhelming vision—and wonder at the triviality which could frame the ancient fable of its origin, and ask myself

whether Tintoretto compared that fable, when he painted it, with the majesty of the spectacle which it attempted to degrade. Then Venus shines out, quite suddenly, putting Vega and Capella and Arcturus to shame; and as I revel in the scintillant line she sends me across the sea, I compare her pigmy size with the stupendous proportions of the stars which she outshines, and remind myself that whilst theirs are their own, hers are but borrowed plumes. What a parable for the overweening power of mere proximity!—which reminds me that the borrowed light by which I see Venus left her but four or five seconds ago, whereas even the nearest star in the heavens is revealed to me now by light which left it ere the nineteenth century was at an end. The magnitude and complexity of all these considerations recalls the "Principles of Human Knowledge" on my table at home, with its splendidly simple explanation of them. But there is more complexity before me. The sea is stirred and the wind loud, "white horses" riding here and there; and they carry infinitely graver thoughts with them, since they bring to my mind, as often before, those words "What manner of man is this, that even

the winds and the waves obey him!" With this are issues which an aeon of night-thoughts would not serve to close.

But just above the horizon I now see the dull red blur which is shortly to resolve itself into the waning moon—making even Venus pale, and clinching the parable which sees in proximity the master of all circumstances. And with the moon comes some measure of support to my belief that Unity underlies all these phenomena and fancies. For I remember that the moon and the motion of the sea are in indissoluble relation; and that that relation holds between her and the ocean and Venus and every star in sight. Suddenly noticing that my feet are cold, I am further supported, knowing that the same law of gravity which swings the moon interferes with the venous return from the lower limbs. And the Unity thus suggested recalls the name of the "Principia," published when Berkeley was three years old, and satisfying me, as showing how the heavens are interbalanced, beyond any satisfaction yielded by even the noblest and profoundest of all Idealist philosophies.

But the mind takes its own course under the stars, making fantastic comment, even on Newton and the moon. For I find myself thinking what a narrow chance it was that gave me Newton and his law and the bench whereon I sit thinking of them. For I remember that the "Principia" was followed, after many years, by the "Mécanique Céleste," and that through it Newton's masterpiece became the foundation of a learned research by a man who bears a surname which will live as long as Newton and Laplace; and what has George Darwin taught us about this lovely moon which is mounting as my thoughts idly string themselves together? He and others compel me to believe that in yonder Queen of Night I see the *imago* of two molten masses which were torn away from this earth more than fifty million years ago, leaving upon her face two deep and jagged scars since filled with water and called the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. And this motherland of which I am so proud, peerless in philosophy and science and song, is upon the very edge of the Atlantic Ocean. It is but a chance that the stuff of which this land of ours is made escaped being flung out long ago to take a share in forming the radiant moon before me. Yet ere I conclude that in such case there would have been no "Principia," I remember that chance is but the expression of laws beyond our ken, and that what has been had to be.

And so I raise my eyes again to the sky—the firmament, it was once called. "The firmament showeth His handiwork." That was the lesson of nature to the Psalmist. To Berkeley also the firmament showed His handiwork in a subtler fashion. And graver questions yet. I have been keeping reverend company these holidays. Now it is a Bishop, and before him was a Cardinal. What says he that a night of stars should teach me? I have just finished the "Grammar of Assent," and I remember the lesson which Nature should teach me to-night. It is that there is a God whose primary aspect towards me is that of "retributive justice." I look up at the calm sky to see "Vengeance is mine" written upon its face. But the moon gives no sign but that of silent, impersonal beauty. And I remember why my experience does not tally with Newman's assertion: it is because I have lost the primal and true sense of natural religion, and my happy worship here to-night of *Natura Naturans*—as Spinoza has it—is "no genuine religion," but a "mockery," the "so-called religion of philosophy." Were I not obsessed by this "artificial religion," I would

gaze above to "see only a choice of alternatives," "either there is no Creator or He has disowned His creatures." One more look at the sky—and a decision. For Arcturus has set; time flies. As I go home I realise that I must read no more Newman: *ars longa, vita brevis*. For there is a Power that, disowning neither, sustains yon Pleiades and me. And I have no time further to study one who tells me that the religion of a Spinoza or a Kant or a Socrates is a "mockery." And yet Newman must have read the "Phaedo"!

C. W. SALEEBY.

The Theatre

WHETHER "The Tempest" has or has not an inner meaning concerns not the players, all that they have to consider being Shakespeare's aim as a practical playwright in writing the piece. The beginning and end of it is that it is a fairy-romance, and when we go forth to see it acted the questions in our mind are: Will Prospero be prosy or poetic? Will Ariel be a mortal or a spirit? Will Caliban be a monster or a man? At His Majesty's Theatre the players who speak the verse fail to realise that it must be spoken with a sense of its reality as well as a sense of its poetic beauty; poetry is nothing worth if not sincere, and is made nothing worth too often by Mr. William Haviland as Prospero, who reduces it to mere sound and form, lacking sensibility. The same must be said of Miss Norah Kerin, who neglects all the low and expressive tones in her voice, and in her facial expression reduces Miranda to an accomplished flirt—Miranda the embodiment of sweet innocent ignorance! Mr. Basil Gill is the only one of the players who understands the right speaking of blank verse, never forgetting—as Ferdinand—the melody or the meaning of the words he is called upon to speak. Ariel is as difficult a character to act rightly as is Juliet, requiring youth and experience. Miss Viola Tree has youth, intuition, a pleasing presence and a flexible, tuneful voice, but she has not experience. It should not be forgotten that Ariel was written for a boy player, that she is an embodiment of youthful high spirits and fondness for practical fun. All of this Miss Tree evidently understands and to a great extent embodies; her chief defect is not her fault, namely, her fine stature. Yet as I watched this Ariel I was interested and often charmed and believe that gradually this clever young actress will work her performance up to a high excellence, toning down some extravagances which mar a very clever piece of acting. She must beware of literal illustration of the text, though possibly in this matter the stage-manager is at fault. "Under the blossom that hangs on the bough" need not be sung as it is, in act i., to which it is transposed from act v., by Ariel hanging in a bunch of blossoms dependent from a tree! Then Caliban: if Mr. Tree's conception is right, his performance is admirable; but I think his conception is wrong. He makes Caliban too much of a man and too little of a monster; he actually calls forth our pity for this poor brute left alone upon the island by his retreating master. This is surely wrong; Caliban is a brute beast, "a devil, a born devil, on whose nature nurture can never stick," "as with age his body uglier grows, so his mind cankers." But Mr. Tree's Caliban is another brute, whose mind—as the play progresses—grows less cankered, less brutish, more human. The fact has not been faced that Caliban

is the ugly brute-monster of mediævalism, not a kind of debased man Friday. So much for the acting. What of the embellishments of the play?

Mr. Tree has realised that "The Tempest" is scenically speaking a romance, he has given it a beautiful and romantic background, but has at the same time lumbered the foreground with unromantic details. The realistic shipwreck is a mistake in that it is realistic, and romance is never that. Then toward the end of the play the stage direction is "a noise of hunters heard. Enter divers Spirits, in shape of hounds, and hunt them" [Trinculo, Stephano and Caliban] "about: Prospero and Ariel setting them on," advantage of this being taken to introduce beasts suitable to a pantomime nightmare, not to a romantic fantasy. So, too, with the mask of the goddesses, poetry is reduced to the prose of modern ballet dancing, lit up by coloured lights. In brief, Mr. Tree lets his imagination run away with him; he should be content with the beautiful and cease to exploit the wonderful. But then, alas, perhaps his theatre would be empty!

The music throughout is a charming accompaniment. The performance might be summed up as spoken opera, but please, Mr. Tree, make your players speak their verse as if they knew the meaning of and felt the emotions expressed by the words.

Let me turn from Mr. Tree's musical version of "The Tempest" to the delightful comic opera "Véronique" at the Apollo Theatre. It is most deservedly a great success, and is a striking proof that good fare draws good audiences. What could be more dainty and graceful than Messager's music? Who could sing it more charmingly than Miss Ruth Vincent as Véronique? And what more spirited chorus could be found? The whole show is as dainty as the most fastidious could desire. No wonder, then, that it is playing to large audiences. Special praise must be given to the mounting of the piece. The woodland scene in the second act is charming. The dresses, too, have been carefully selected. True, the quaint poke bonnets and the long floating veils would lend grace to even a weather-beaten scarecrow that guards the sprouting corn. Little wonder is it then that the chorus delights the eye. Miss Ruth Vincent has scored a hit in the part of Véronique, who masquerades as a poor workgirl to win her future husband's heart before the marriage contract is signed. Messager's music suits Miss Vincent, and Miss Vincent suits Messager's music. For those who like funniments there are two excellent comedians. On the night on which I visited the theatre Mr. George Graves was temporarily away, but his place was amply filled by Mr. George Bellamy, who thoroughly entered into the spirit of the piece, being very amusing without the least hint of vulgarity. Mr. Fred Emney also did good work as the bailiff. Our old friend Miss Rosina Brandram—ah! how many parts have I seen Miss Brandram play—sang as well as ever, and Miss Darrell danced and acted prettily. Would that all musical entertainments were as good and as artistic. They say that comic opera is dead. The truth is that good comic opera is alive and always will be; but then for one good there are a dozen "bads." Oh for an hour of Gilbert and Sullivan!

W. T. S.

THE Century Company of New York are publishing in volume form "Thackeray's Letters to an American Family." Miss Lucy W. Baxter has provided an introduction and notes to the book, which will contain the illustrations that appeared when the letters were printed in "The Century Magazine."

Trash and Stars

THESE concerts have become an institution—one of the best and most hopeful features of London musical life. Ten years ago anyone would have been written down as mad who had prophesied that crowds would gather together in a London concert-room, would pay their shillings and listen—standing all the evening—attentively and appreciatively to Wagner, Schumann, Beethoven, Mozart, Bach, Gluck, Weber, Brahms. Yet such is the case to-day and it would be difficult to overrate the value of the educational work done at the Queen's Hall by Mr. Henry J. Wood and his admirable orchestra. The only weak point about these concerts is that they are not continuous the whole year round. Is there no hope that they may become so? Many a small town on the Continent possesses a permanent orchestra that nightly provides the citizens with capital performances of first-class music. London, the greatest city in the world, offers cheap and good music to music-lovers for a few weeks per annum! This is not as it should be and Mr. Henry J. Wood has clearly proved that it is not as it might be. It was matter of general comment last season that there was something wrong in the state of our London concerts and I believe the wrong lay in this—high prices. The musical public is not rich enough to afford week after week to support high-priced musical entertainments. A famous pianist or violinist can occasionally fill a hall at high prices, but regular concerts, series, can only hope to pay their way if they appeal to the greater public, who will pay their one, two or three shillings, but not seven or ten shillings. Our concerts are in the same way as our railways—if profit is to be made, it will come from third-class passengers. Of course, all this combination of art and money-making is abominable; but it is fact and facts must be faced. But, cry the concert givers, the public will not come to our halls unless we promise them highly paid "stars." This question the Promenade Concerts and the capital concerts of the Sunday League have answered once and for all. But convention rules the roost here as elsewhere and it takes a million facts to kill one conventional myth. Again they cry, the "cheap" public does not really love good music; it likes "trash." Does it? Why then does it go in thousands to hear such programmes as those of the present week at the Queen's Hall? Why has Mr. Henry J. Wood been so foolish as to select for performance next week such works as Wotan's Abschied und Feuertanz from "Die Walküre," the closing scene of "Die Götterdämmerung"; Schumann's A Minor concerto; Strauss' "Tod und Verklärung," the "Eroica"; Bach's C Minor concerto for two pianofortes and orchestra, the Pastoral Symphony and so forth? Why does he not offer us "trash" and "stars"? For the simple reason that he has found out by actual experiment that a great public will support heartily concerts of good music at reasonable prices.

THE Folk Song Society sends me number five of their excellent journal. The Society, to which the annual subscription is only ten shillings and sixpence, devotes its time and energy to discovering, collecting, and publishing folk-songs, ballads and tunes, a work which cannot be accomplished too soon as great numbers of such exist unnoted and therefore in danger of being lost. The honorary secretary is Miss Lucy Broadwood, 84 Carlisle Mansions, Victoria Street, S.W.

The Public Statues of London

THERE is a public monument in London which, as he passes it day by day, must make every citizen of taste feel ashamed of his city—that much abused erection on the site of old Temple Bar—a monument which it would almost have been thought that public contempt and sculptors' curses must have brought tumbling in ruins into Fleet Street this many a year. It seems almost incredible that so rich a civic body as that of London should have been so lacking in taste and public spirit as to allow such a blot to remain at the threshold of their city—a plain door-mat had been a more beautiful thing. Indeed, as one wanders about this mighty capital of ours one is struck more and more with the need for some Committee of Public Taste to watch over the art interests of our great town. Sculpture has in England been for many decades almost the Cinderella of the arts. One of the first needs for the erection of worthy public monuments in our streets is to form a society of sculptors to create them; and that need was never greater than during the past hundred years. There ought to be a society of sculptors containing every sculptor of power throughout the country; and the sooner that society is formed and its leaders honoured with rank and dignities by the State, the sooner will our public places gladden us with beautiful and stately monuments. There is to-day in this country a group of sculptors amongst whom fine artistic achievement is an assured habit; and it seems a thousand pities not only that their work is not used to cover by its splendour the vulgarity of many of our statues, but that their work is not employed wholly to replace some of the more repulsively bad statuary which is an eyesore to the world. The Jacobean and the older sculptors always caught something of style even in their most fantastic moods; but there were some sculptors of the Georgian and Victorian years who made of this splendid city, and even of the interiors of its glorious cathedrals, a laughing-stock. Our streets ought to hold rich and handsome statues of the heroes of this august and majestic people—of our queens, Elizabeth and the rest, of our poets and warriors and writers and heroes by land and sea. The contemplation of the heroic figures of the past and of to-day would keep the eyes of the nation turned to the heights, would inspire youth, and delay decadency. But such figures must catch in their carving something of the majesty and the grandeur that lifted their originals above the crowd, and the most fond and foolish dotards amongst us will not convince us that some of the trousered gentry who look down upon us in stone from their gruesome polished granite pedestals have caught the glory of the great dead whom they are gloomily and sadly and vulgarly doomed to represent to the coming years.

The nation spends money on public works of art grudgingly enough at the best of times, scarce realising their value; but when one contemplates many of our statues one almost praises the State for its niggardliness. I know nothing in which the national taste is more

appallingly bad than in its public monuments, unless, perhaps, it is in its terrible sporting cups. And I am confident this is not from the lack of taste in the public so much as from lack of choice. We have produced the most artistic furniture in the world. And had the nation had the chance of securing good sculpture it is positively certain that it would not have set up the bad. The streets ought to be under the eye of a Committee of Public Taste; and that committee should be in touch with a national guild which numbers in its body all the best sculptors of the day.

There is one point as regards the use of statuary in our streets which particularly strikes me in my walks abroad. The congested state of our heavy traffic and the consequent danger to life and limb have made the necessity for islands at the street crossings. Surely these islands might be made more important and be given an added dignity by being made to encircle the feet of the bronze or marble effigy of some one who has added dignity and greatness to the nation's achievement! Such statuary would seem to come closer to our everyday life and point to the possibility of greatness within the reach of every one of us. Or is it that in our day the cynical smile has destroyed ambition and sunk dreams in a furtive shrinking from the sneer of the scoffer and the mediocre?

Correspondence

"Japan by the Japanese"

SIR,—Will you, of your courtesy, permit me to occupy a small space of your valuable review with an answer to your critique, published on the 10th inst., of Mr. Alfred Stead's "Japan by the Japanese," to which work I was a contributor? My article on "Art and Literature" is singled out with a rather combative spirit, as it were, and condemned as being "almost trite." I should have little right to complain of this somewhat sweeping assertion had my object been to impose my own scanty knowledge and imperfect judgment upon the limited circle of experts in Oriental matters, who already possess ample knowledge for all practical purposes concerning my country. My object, however, when asked by Mr. Stead to fill one of the gaps, as it were, in his scheme, was no other than to attract attention, if I could, to matters Japanese among that vast community of general readers who are not avowedly specialists. I know very well that there are already many published works by Western authors on our art, and some on our literature. Several of them are well worth studying even if, as naturally happens, the writers are occasionally found to be inaccurate in mere technicalities. I mentioned this, be it remembered, in my article, and even recommended the Western public to study the works in question. We only lament the fact that these books are so little read by the world at large. And, moreover, I purposely quoted several passages from the commonly accepted English authorities in order to call them to my aid, preferring to depend upon their influence with their own country-people rather than on that which any Japanese, however well qualified he might be in the eyes of his fellow-countrymen, could possibly hope to exert. This circumstance should almost of itself have sufficed to show what was the real object of my article. But permit me to put my case in another way. Let us suppose that an English writer should undertake to provide the general public of Japan with a brief survey of English literature, and that it might be desirable, so as not to specialise too much and not to occupy more than a very limited number of pages, to paint in the epochs with a large brush rather than to depict in detail the influence of Chaucer, Spenser, or Milton, or to enter upon a dissertation concerning the authorship of Shakespeare's plays. Would it be possible,

PERMANENT REPRODUCTIONS

OF THE WORKS OF

G. F. Watts, E. Burne-Jones, D. G. Rossetti,
Windsor Castle Holbein Drawings,

Also Pictures from the Uffizi and Louvre Galleries, may be obtained from FREDK. HOLLYER, 8 Pembroke Square, London, W.
Illustrated Catalogue 12 penny stamps. Foreign stamps accepted from abroad.

let me ask, for this essayist to prepare his article in such a way as to render it as novel and useful to the general public of Japan as to those Japanese students who might already have given exceptionally close attention to the history of English literature? If the answer to this question is in the negative, then I venture to say that, reversing the positions, my own contribution is scarcely deserving of the stigma cast upon it. During only the last "Salon" season a lady who is of good position, and to all intents and purposes a figure in Society, said in all earnestness, "Tell me, Baron, do you have any artists—I mean painters—in Japan?" I am sure that she had not the faintest intention of suggesting anything disparaging of my country, and she was only one among hundreds whom we constantly meet who betray similar lack of knowledge of the Far East. We Japanese, I can safely say, feel inexpressibly sad at heart that we should be so little understood by Occidentals, though we must not impute to them one particle of blame, seeing that the majority of people dwelling in Europe had ten years ago but the vaguest notions—it is no exaggeration to assert—of Japan's geographical position, and usually adjudged it to form part of the Empire of China. Our urgent necessity is to make our country better known to the European public at large, rather than that a handful of experts, highly estimable as they are, should have facilities for adding something new and extraordinary to the special knowledge which they already have in store; and if the article that I contributed to Mr. Stead's book were trite, I venture to say, to even one in a hundred or a thousand, nay, even to one in a hundred thousand, of readers of Western books, Japan would have good cause to congratulate herself, for it would imply that she is better known to the people of the West than we are, from our personal experiences, led to think she is.—Yours, &c.

K. SUYEMATSU.

[The writer of the review points out that he considers Baron Suyematsu's articles are scarcely in keeping with the others in the volume, which are so compact of new light on oft-discussed matters.—Ed.]

Mendel's Law

SIR,—I thought I understood Dr. Saleeby's explanation of Mendel's law, until I came to the declaration that the strange fact of females inheriting, transmitting, but not suffering hæmophilia had been solved forty years ago by the Abbé. As far as I can understand from Dr. Saleeby's article, the fact of females not suffering yet transmitting is explicable, but why they do not suffer is still to me a mystery. I point this out because I seek information, and desire to know whether I have rightly understood Dr. Saleeby—or is it possible that the fact that they do not suffer belongs to the domain of physiology and not heredity? I presume Dr. Saleeby's intention is to instruct non-scientific readers, and shall therefore be glad if he will say how I have misunderstood him.—Yours, &c.

EDWARD M. LAYTON.

[Mr. Layton did not misunderstand me. I did not attempt to elucidate the bearing of the Mendelian theory on the facts of hæmophilia, colour-blindness, &c. As Professor Bateson says, many facts, new and old, when viewed in the light of Mendel's work, lead us to believe that "there is some entanglement between sex and gametically segregable characters," sex itself being almost certainly a segregation-phenomenon. If there be an "entanglement" between the male-character and the hæmophilic-character, the two characters may be regarded as latent together in the daughter of a hæmophilic man. Then, during the process of gametogenesis in her, the two characters will appear together in those gametes which are destined to produce her male children; whilst neither will appear in those which will produce her female children. Of course, I do not assert that we have a final explanation. We merely feel that the Mendelian explanation of sex will give us the key to the explanation of the cases where sex determines the inheritance of abnormal characters.—C. W. SALEEBY.]

Literary Series

SIR,—Is it too late to enter a protest, at once vehement and mournful, against the modern system of "literary series"? I see from your bibliographical columns that the "English Men of Letters" series is to be enriched by three new volumes on Thomson, FitzGerald, and Sir Thomas Browne. As to Thomson, no one can doubt that all, and more than all, that may be said for him has been said in Johnson's "Life." FitzGerald has filled a few pages with a very remarkable paraphrase, or summary, or essence of a Persian poet. Sir Thomas Browne has written one of those books whose name everyone knows, and whose contents scarcely anyone studies. Yet these three writers are to have exactly the same amount of space assigned to them as Milton, Burke, or Swift. One of two things is obvious: either the pages devoted to some of the greatest Englishmen must be ludicrously inadequate, or those which are devoted to some of the least of Englishmen must be absurdly superfluous. And to what purpose? Simply to ensure an uniformity of size, appearance and price which no true student of literature values at a brass farthing. But this is not all. On what principle is the order of these volumes determined? If a mere translator is to have such a place of honour, why does FitzGerald take precedence of Tyndale, whose translation of the Bible in its influence on the English literature and language is as infinitely more important than "Omar" as the sun in our solar system than the planet Venus? It seems to me, too, little short of a scandal that Thackeray should be represented in such a series by a volume like Trollope's. I venture to think that editor and publisher ought, at whatever cost, to withdraw this volume, and replace it by one that shall rise to the "height of this great argument," written, say, by Mr. Andrew Lang. If you will allow me, I will return to this subject later.—Yours, &c.

A STUDENT OF LITERATURE.

"The Mystery of Style"

SIR,—Much as every writer may desire to possess this great antiseptic of all literature, it still remains the incommunicable something that cannot be acquired. Style is the gift of nature, like the form and features. It cannot be taught by any rules, however excellent, nor is it to be learned by examples, despite the "sedulous ape" method of Stevenson. Mr. Frederic Harrison apropos of this subject, has wisely expressed himself as follows: "An ingenious professor of literature has lately ventured to commit himself to an entire treatise on style, wherein he has propounded everything that can usefully be said about this art, in a style which illustrates things that you should avoid. At the end of his book he declares that style cannot be taught. This is true enough; but if this had been the first, instead of the last, sentence of his piece, the book would not have been written at all. . . . Style cannot be taught. Nothing practical can be said about style. And no good can come to a young student by being anxious about style. None of you by taking thought can add one cubit to his stature; no! nor one gem to his English prose, unless nature has endowed him with that rare gift—a subtle ear for the melody of words, a fastidious instinct for the connotations of a phrase. . . . Almost all that can be laid down as law about style is contained in a sentence of Madame de Sévigné in her twentieth letter to her daughter: 'Ne quittez jamais le naturel,' she says; 'votre tour s'y est formé et cela compose un style parfait'—which, being translated, means: 'Never forsake what is natural; you have moulded yourself in that vein, and this produces a perfect style.' There is nothing more to be said. Be natural, be simple, be yourself; shun artifices, tricks, fashions; gain the tone of ease, plainness, self-respect. To thine own self be true. Speak out frankly that which you have thought out in your own brain and have felt within your own soul. This, and this alone, creates a perfect style, as she says who wrote the most exquisite letters the world has known."—Yours, &c.

STANLEY HUTTON.

[Correspondents are earnestly requested to be as brief as possible in their letters.—Ed.]

"Academy" Questions & Answers

Questions and Answers for this column must be addressed to THE EDITOR, THE ACADEMY AND LITERATURE, 9 East Harding Street, London, E.C. The envelope to be marked in the top left-hand corner "A.Q.A." Each Question or Answer must be written on a separate sheet of paper and on only one side of the paper, which must bear the sender's full name and address, not necessarily for publication. The Editor will not undertake the forwarding of any correspondence. Questions must be confined to matters of Literature, History, Archaeology, Folk-lore, Art, Music and the Drama. The Editor reserves the right of deciding whether or not any Question or Answer is of sufficient interest to be published. Questions must not be such as can be answered from the ordinary works of reference.

COMPETITION.

Until further notice, four prizes, of the value of 5/- each, will be awarded weekly for the two best Questions and the two best Answers contributed to "Academy" Questions and Answers.

The Editor's decision must be considered absolutely final and no correspondence whatever will be entered upon with regard to the awards. The names and addresses of prize-winners will not be published, but the winning Questions and Answers will be indicated by an asterisk. Each prize will consist of 5/- worth of books to be chosen by the several prize-winners. The name and address of the booksellers where the book or books can be obtained will be given. Winners outside the United Kingdom will receive a cheque for 5/-. No competitor can win a prize more than once in three months.

One of the four weekly prizes will be awarded, whenever possible, to a Shakespearean Question or Answer.

Non-adherence to the rules and regulations of "Questions and Answers" will imply disqualification.

NOTES.

BUFFON AND GENIUS.

I have read with interest the brief correspondence upon Buffon's noted saying, "La génie n'est autre chose qu'une grande aptitude à la patience," which, as it happens, is one of my favourite quotations. May I venture to suggest that Buffon is in general misunderstood—approached from the wrong side, as it were? To me he does not appear to be offering us a solution of the genesis of genius at all, but to be giving us what seems to him its most striking characteristic. For surely "patience," serenity, magnificent acceptance of the scheme of things is what especially marks off genius from all lesser phases of humanity. To us small souls a thousand things are out of place; we like this and we don't like that, approve one portion of the great Creator's plan and disapprove entirely of another; we fret and fume and fuss; the man of genius, the great soul, takes all things as they are, simply, unquestioningly:

Is not the vision he?

The high, the low—what we call high and low, we lesser creatures; the trivial, the sublime; the great, the petty; the beautiful, the ugly: to him these are alike expressions of the One Self, the Real behind the Dream. He is above all prejudices, all impatiences, all partialities, possessing that "grande aptitude à la patience" which differentiates gods from men.—David Will. M. Burn (Gironde, Dunedin, N.Z.).

THE WORD "ROSE."

That dear household word *rose* has fallen on evil days as to its pedigree, and, to illustrate the present position thereof I will quote from that great authority, the Rev. Professor Skeat, who, under the date of 1882, proposes to identify the Latin *rosa* with a Greek form put as *ῥοσά*, through various spellings. He thereby connects it with the Arabic *ward*, "a rose," which also influenced certain Greek forms written *ῥοδῶν* and *ῥοδών*. But the scene changes, for, in 1901, the Professor substitutes "Amenian" for *Arabic*, quoting no authority: does he mean Aramaic? Further, the Beta in *ῥοδῶν* is replaced by a Digamma in *ῥοδῶν*; and we are further informed that the Armeno-Arabic *ward* is connected with the Persian *gul*, "a rose"; so *gul-ab* for rose-water. When Shakespeare informed us that "a rose by any other name would smell as sweet," he was not postulating a *gul* or a *ward*, however genuine they may be. Indeed, the Arabic *ward* is found in Chaldee as *vered* or *vardee*, the Semitic *raw* or *rawe*, like the Latin *u*, becoming a *e* on occasions; while to equate the Persian *gulab* we find the Semitic *mayee vardin* for rose-water. But *ward* is not *rosa*, for it pairs off with the Latin *vireo*, *viridis*, so our *verdant*. Then *gul* in Persian pairs off similarly with the Sanskrit *gulyam*, sweetness, cf. Greek *γλυκύος*, so our *glucose* and *glucina*. The Latin *rosa* is a genuine Latin word, see *ros*, "dew," Greek *ῥοσός*, also *ῥορύ*; indeed Curtius, No. 497, shows that a form written *rosa* means "dew" in Church Slavonic; so the analogy is clear. As to the Greek *ῥοδῶν* for "rose," see his No. 515, connecting *ward* with the Sanskrit *rardh*, *ritdh*, "to grow." A. HALL.

"TO OBTAIN."

It is curious to observe how many well-educated people appear to be unfamiliar with the use of the verb "to obtain" when used intransitively in the sense of "to prevail" or "to subvert." I have recently come across a curious illustration of this fact in the judgment pronounced by Lord Robertson in the great Scottish Church case. He quotes a document in which it is stated that the two Churches which united found that "in regard to doctrine, government, discipline, and worship therein set forth a remarkable and happy agreement obtained between them." This is paraphrased by Lord Robertson in the words: "There is no profession of identity, but of an 'agreement' having been 'obtained,' which is described as 'remarkable.'" The statement of the document is, it will be noticed, quite different in meaning from Lord Robertson's paraphrase, and is so because he passes from the one meaning of "obtain" to the other without noticing that he has done so.—E.M.M. (Madras).

Questions

SHAKESPEARE.

*ATTORNEY.—The play of "Richard II." says, "I, by attorney, bless thee." Was this word used in a general sense of proxy in Shakespeare's day, though only a "legal term" now?—H. Wallis.

LITERATURE.

*QUATTOR CORONATI.—Can any one tell me of books which treat of these saints, and, more especially, of the use made of their legend by Freemasonry? They were popular patrons in fourteenth and fifteenth century France, and usually appear in Breviaries and Hours of that period and place, but are rare in earlier and later liturgies. Is there any reason for this? Was it merely the fact of their symbols being Masonic emblems which caused the Freemasons to commemorate them, or does any real connection exist between their legend and the craft?—E.U.

*MEINSELF UND GOTT.—I am told that a poem under this title appeared in the "Glasgow Evening News" about the beginning of 1899. Has it been reprinted? If so, where can I get it?—Rev. S. C. Hayward (Stradbally).

*AUNT DOROTHY'S FAN.—Where can I get "Aunt Dorothy's Fan," a recitation?—Dorothy.

*THE LOST RACE.—In a Dublin book-shop (Gill's) I recently heard a book asked for—"The Lost Race," by an Irish author. Gill's had not heard of it, nor had I. The inquirer said that you had praised it, and that set me on the *qui-vive*. I would be glad of a little information—the publisher of the book, &c.—G.A.M.

AUTHOR WANTED.—To what German poet do we owe the following exquisite epitaph on a child?—

Du kamst, du gingst; mit leiser Spur
Ein flücht'ger Gast im Erdenland.
Woher? wohin? Wir wissen nur
Aus Gottes Hand in Gottes Hand.—H. Pearl Humphry.

GENERAL.

*IN AND IN.—"Why, man, he is the well-known and general referee in all matters affecting the mysteries of Passage, Hazard, In and In, Pennecek, and Verguire" ("Fortunes of Nigel"). Is anything known of these games of chance, In and In, Pennecek, and Verguire?—H.F. (Norwich).

*SCOUTS AND GIPS.—I find in "The Fortunes of Nigel" mention is made of scouts at Oxford and gips at Cambridge. Is this an anachronism on the author's part in attributing the use of these names to the reign of James the First? What is the first well-authenticated use of the terms?—H.F. (Norwich).

*LYONS AND MARSEILLES.—In the case of the words "Lyon" and "Marseille" the English equivalents add the letter "s." Is the reason for this known? The Latin forms *Massilia* and *Lugdunum* afford no clue.—P. L. Babington.

*CHURCH MICE.—In ancient mythology the mouse is an important animal in religion. In the temples of the "Sminthian" Apollo of the Troas they dwelt under the altar and were provided with food. Has the "proverbial church mouse" anything to do with this old custom?—M.T. (Ilkley).

*NIGEL.—So far as I know the Christian name "Nigel" is now always pronounced with the first vowel long, and the *g* has the sound of *j*. But in "The Fortunes of Nigel," when the hero is enrolled as an Alsatian, Duke Hildebrod spells the name as *Niggle*, showing that Scott pronounced the name with a hard *g*. Can any of your readers throw any light on the pronunciation of the name in Scotland to-day?—H.F. (Norwich).

Answers

SHAKESPEARE

*AUTHOR FOUND.—The lines—

O happy, happy, happy fair;
Thine eyes are lodestars and thy tongue's sweet air
More tuneable than lark's to shepherd's ear
When wheat is green and hawthorn buds appear

are adapted from Shakespeare, "A Midsummer Night's Dream," I. i. 182-5. They have been slightly altered, I suppose for musical purposes; in the original they run thus:

Demetrius loves your fair: O happy fair!
Your eyes are lodestars, and your tongue's sweet air
More tuneable than lark to shepherd's ear
When wheat is green, when hawthorn buds appear.

—E.M.E. (Ely).

LITERATURE.

*BEFORE YOU COULD SAY "JACK ROBINSON."—This question was asked fifty-two years ago in "Notes and Queries," and answered by the Editor as follows: "According to Grose it is a saying to express a very short time, originating from a volatile gentleman of that appellation who would call on his neighbours and be gone before his name could be announced." The Editor of the "Dictionary of Phrase and Fable," however, gives a better explanation in the following couplet, from an old play cited by Halliwell:

A warks it ys as casie to be done
As tys to saye Jacke Robyson.

—S. Butterworth (Carlisle).

*SCOT' OR "SHOT."—The two forms of this are due to the fact that the old spelling of *scot* was *seot* (A.S.). The *se* when followed by *e* or *i* became *sh* in sound; hence the other form *shot* of the old word *scot*, meaning tax or personal tribute. The substitution of *sh* for *se* is shown also in *shoulder* from *scoulder*, and in this instance there was not the influence of either of the vowels *e* and *i*, as observed in the general rule.—S.C. (Hove).

GENERAL.

*BOOKMEN'S MARKS.—The pencillings of numbers and cross-marks, &c., on margins of new books have little mystery. They are simply the foreman-binder's "set-off" to a learner or apprentice. The sheets are delivered in lots of, say, 5,000 each, to ten or twenty workpeople, who have to arrange the pages, and claim the piecework money due to their pencil-marked volumes.—Book-sewer.

*"LA MARSEILLAISE."—I have before me a copy of "La Marseillaise," published by Messrs. Hart & Co., of 22 Paternoster Row, giving a poetical and singable translation of the song, the first verse being rendered as follows:

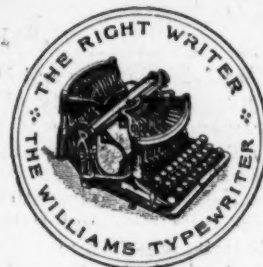
Ye sons of France, awake to glory!
Hark! Hark! what myriads round you rise!
Your children, wives, and grandsires hoary:
Behold their tears and hear their cries. (Bis)
Shall hateful tyrants, mischief breeding,
With hireling hosts, a ruffian band,
Affright and desolate the land,
While peace and liberty lie bleeding?
To arms, to arms, ye brave!
Th' avenging sword unsheath;
March on, march on, all hearts resolved
On liberty or death.—Waldo Fort.

*PRIZES.—The asterisks denote the two questions and two answers to which prizes have been awarded. The winners can obtain, on application at the following booksellers, Five Shillings' worth of books. Notices have been dispatched to the several winners and to booksellers whose names follow:

Mr. G. J. Glaisher, 58 High Street, Notting Hill, W.
The North of England School Furnishing Co., Ltd., 4 Exchange Street, Norwich.
Messrs. Shelton, Tibbitts & Co., High Street, Ely, Cambs.
Mr. J. J. Waghorn, Anson Parade, Cricklewood, N.W.

From East & West

Testimony—Where None is Needed—



Gentlemen,

I take this opportunity of saying how completely satisfied I am with this machine; I have now got fairly used to it, and can write with wonderful rapidity for a novice. I have tried many typewriters at various periods, but the Williams I am fairly convinced is the only writing machine in the market worthy of any distinction; its superior qualities are obvious to any one, and I am sure that were your machines more universally known more people would invest in them! Here is a case in point. Soon after you had supplied me with this machine I showed it to a lady who had just purchased a — at the Stores; she was greatly struck, and would not have purchased the — had she known of the "Williams."

Believe me, Gentlemen,

Yours faithfully,

GERALD W. F. HERVEY.

Local Government Board, Whitehall.

Letter from Harpers Ltd., Aberdeen.

In reply to yours of the 28th inst. regarding the Williams Typewriter, we beg to say that the two machines of this make we have here are giving every satisfaction. One of them has now been in constant use for almost five years, and has fully maintained its reputation as being a most serviceable machine in every respect, its visible writing adding greatly to its other merits. Being direct inking there is no costly ribbon to uphold, and to the small number of working parts in the machine is probably due the fact that our expense of upkeep has been very little indeed. The other machine, with which this letter is typed, has been working for slightly over three years, and has not cost us a single penny for repairs, from which you will be able to draw your own conclusions.

Melbourne.

Dear Sirs,

We have much pleasure in stating that we have had one of your "Williams" machines in use in this office for three years constantly, and during that time it has given us great satisfaction. We consider it one of the best, if not the best typewriter we have used, one great advantage being that the writing is always in view of the operator.

Yours faithfully,

G. G. TURRI & CO.

34 Great George Street, Westminster, S.W.

Dear Sirs,

In answer to your letter of September 27 last, I am pleased to say that during the time your typewriter has been in use in our office, now some 16 months, it has worked well and has fully come up to expectations. It is a very compact machine, the writing neat and clear, and its details have been worked out with ingenuity.

Yours faithfully,

HERBERT E. MITCHELL,

Secretary to Professor George Forbes, F.R.S.

POST THIS

INQUIRY FORM

(for a halfpenny in an open envelope)

To THE ACADEMY TYPEWRITER DEPARTMENT, 9 East Harding Street, London, E.C.

Please send me full details of your Discount Offer of The "Academy" Model Williams Typewriter.

AM 17

Name

Address

Occupation.....

☐ If you prefer not to deface this page, send us a post-card similarly worded and naming this paper.

Edinburgh School of Shorthand and Typewriting,
40 (late 11A) Shandwick Place.

Gentlemen,

In reply to your inquiry with regard to my opinion of the "Williams" Typewriter, I have very great pleasure in stating that I have used the "Williams" for almost twelve years, and like it better every day. I am obliged to use most of the different makes of typewriters for teaching purposes in my school, but I consider the "Williams" by far the best, as do my pupils, both as regards neat and clean work, and also being much quicker to learn; and then, having absolute visible writing, it enables me to stand by my pupils and see how their work progresses without interruption. This itself is a decided advantage to teachers. Tabular statements are so much quicker done, and there isn't the same chance of making a slip in columns of figures as there is on blind writing machines. My "Williams" typewriters are always in constant use, and I find my pupils would rather wait than practise on any of the other machines. Pupils when put on the "Williams" do not care to change. For all my office work I use nothing but the "Williams," and would not think of using any other machine, though I am able to work them all.

I consider it best for manifold, stencilling, tabular statements, and in fact every kind of work that can be done on the typewriter.

When I am in the market again for a typewriter, it will undoubtedly be a "Williams."

Yours very truly,

L. A. FIELDING.

Dublin School of Shorthand and Typewriting,
4 South Anne Street.

Dear Sirs,

As a user of the "Williams" Typewriter since its introduction into this country some twelve years ago, I can testify to its many good qualities, ease of working, strength of mechanism, and general reliability. During this long period I have had a very large number of the machines, and, as they were used not only for teaching purposes, but for the work of a busy copying office, they had as severe a test as I can conceive of. From a teacher's point of view the "Williams" has many advantages, among which are visible writing which enables the pupil to practically check his own progress, inking from a pad, avoiding the worry and expense attached to ribbons, the easy and instant adjustment of margins, portability, clear clean-out type, and beautifully light touch.

Yours faithfully,

WM. REID.

OUR SPECIAL OFFER

40%

DISCOUNT NOW

If you live in or near any of the following places, why not call to see the machine and obtain full details of our offer at the Williams Typewriter Company's Office in

LONDON	57 Holborn Viaduct
ABERDEEN	115 Union Street
BELFAST	71 Ann Street
BIRMINGHAM	72 Cornhill Street
CARDIFF	8 St. John's Square
DUBLIN	5 Upper Ormond Quay
EDINBURGH	19 Shandwick Place
EXETER	31 Queen Street
GLASGOW	69 Bothwell Street
LEEDS	3 Park Lane
LEICESTER	60-64 Harford Street
MANCHESTER	267 Deansgate
NEWCASTLE	21 Collingwood Street
NOTTINGHAM	Prudential Buildings
PORTSMOUTH	154 Queen Street
SOUTHAMPTON	12 Portland Street

Junior Questions and Answers

Very few Questions and Notes have been sent in, but the number and quality of the Answers are very encouraging. No prize could this week be given to a Question. Competitors must conform to the rules or they will be disqualified. Several competitors this week have failed to comply with all the rules, which should be carefully read and followed. Especially note that each Note, Question and Answer must be written on a separate sheet of paper and the sender's name given in each case. Comments upon incorrect Answers printed will count for the competition.

The Questions are to be confined to British Literature, &c., and it is hoped that the Competition will do much to encourage a healthy and rational interest in Literature, History and kindred subjects. In awarding the prizes the Editor of THE ACADEMY will weigh the style of composition of the Questions, Answers and Notes, as well as their contents—in fact, the two principal points considered will be intelligence and style. "Notes" on matters of curiosity and interest may also be sent in for the Competition, which, it is hoped, will prove useful and stimulating to boys and girls both at home and at school.

RULES.

The General Rules are the same as for the senior "ACADEMY Questions and Answers," with these exceptions: Envelopes must be distinctly marked "J.Q.A."; Questions and Notes must be confined to BRITISH and IRISH literature, &c.

COMPETITION RULES.

Two prizes to the value of Five Shillings each will be awarded weekly, until further notice, for the two best Questions, Answers, or Notes. The Editor's decisions must be considered final and no correspondence will be entered upon with regard to the awards. The names and addresses of the prize-winners will be published each week and the winning contributions indicated by an asterisk. Each prize will consist of five shillings' worth of books, to be chosen by the prize-winner from the stock of a local bookseller, upon whom an order will be given. The Competition is limited to residents in the United Kingdom. No competitor can win a prize more than once a month. Every Question, Answer, or Note must be signed as a guarantee of good faith, by a parent, guardian, clergyman, master, or other responsible person. No boy or girl above the age of seventeen can enter for the Competition. The utmost brevity compatible with clearness is desirable. Competitors must work without assistance from any one.

NON-ADHERENCE TO THE RULES CARRIES DISQUALIFICATION.

Questions

LITERATURE.

MAGWITCH.—In what book does this character appear, and what part does he play in it?—*J. Braid.*

MOTHER HUBBARD.—In what great poem does she appear?—*A. D. Holland.*

"ANNUAL REGISTER."—When and by whom was this first published?—*A. M.*

PILGRIM FATHERS.—What English stories (fiction) are there about them?—*B. Baker.*

"TOM BROWN."—Besides this what other books did Thomas Hughes write?

AUTHORS WANTED:

"God-gifted organ-voice of England."

"Spare the rod and spoil the child."

"Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever."

"I do but sing because I must."

HISTORY.

VICTORIA CROSS.—To whom was the first Victoria Cross given?—*William Ridgway.*

GERBEROI.—What was this?—*Arthur Boyd.*

STAPLE INN.—When was this old building in Holborn built, by whom, and what is the meaning of its name?—*Henry Lane.*

GENERAL.

APOLOGY.—What is the exact meaning of this word?—*Joseph Lloyd.*

TEXTOTAL.—What is the origin of this word?—*J. Goldie.*

CONCERTINA.—When and by whom was this instrument of music (?) invented?—*T. Young.*

DEAN.—What are the duties and powers of a dean in a cathedral, and what is the origin of his name?—*W. Burton.*

BLUE GUM TREE.—In a book about Australian adventures I found this tree often mentioned. Will some one tell me about it?—*T. Parsons.*

CINQUE PORTS.—What were these? And what does the name mean?—*W. Cole.*

LARK-MAJESTY.—Will some one kindly explain this to me?—*A. Kingdom.*

SHAMROCK.—Why has this been used as the Irish flower?—*Tom Mill.*

UMBRELLAS.—Who invented them?—*Oliver Saxton.*

GEORGE HEMING MASON.—Who was he?

VERSE WITHOUT "E."—The following verse contains every letter in the English alphabet with the exception of "e":

A jovial swain may rack his brain

To quiz his fancy's might

To quiz in vain, for 'tis most plain

That what I say is right.

Can any of the junior ACADEMY and LITERATURE readers tell me if any other four-line verse with the letters in the English alphabet, as above, exists in print? If so, kindly give instances. Remember, "e" is to be omitted.—*James McMichael, Jun.*

Answers

LITERATURE.

THACKERAY AND DICKENS.—It appears from several different writers that these two authors were together a great deal, especially when Dickens lived at Twickenham in 1838. For the best accounts of such meetings the writer would recommend "The Life of Charles Dickens," by John Forster (two volumes).—*Alec. H. Harrison.*

MILTON.—It was in 1642 that Milton's eyesight began to fail owing to the "wearisome studies and midnight watchings" of his youth. The last remains of it were sacrificed in writing his "Pro Populo Anglicano Defensio" (1651). He was willing and proud to make the sacrifice, and at the close of 1652 he was totally blind, "dark, dark, irrecoverably dark."—*Alec. H. Harrison.*

MILTON.—Milton was ailing in health, and his eyesight, which was never very strong, was greatly tried by all his labour over his refutation of Salmasius. In 1650 he lost the sight of his left eye, and in 1652 he became totally blind when he was in his 44th year.—*Cobb.*

[Similar replies from others.]

SCOTT.—Are his novels historically accurate? To a certain extent no! "The Bride of Lammermoor," for example, is a story that came to Scott's knowledge by oral tradition, like the stories of the heroic ages. He and his friend, John Irving, used to go every Saturday to Salisbury Crags, Arthur's Seat, or Blackford Hill, and make up romances for themselves. To prove this John Irving says: "The stories we told were interminable, for we were unwilling to have any of our favourite knights killed." In 1793 Scott saw the scenery of "The Lady of the Lake," and heard from old men such stories of the Highlands as formed the groundwork of many of his novels.—*Alec. H. Harrison.*

Sir Walter Scott's novels are not always historically accurate. For instance, in "Woodstock," Chap. xxxviii. page 377, it says that Sir Henry Lee, of Ditchley, was waiting on Blackheath to receive King Charles II. May 29, 1660, whereas Sir Henry died in 1659, and is buried in Tortworth Church, Glos., and the date is on the tomb.—*Eleanor T. Harle.*

AUTHORS WANTED.—"God Almighty first planted a garden." This line occurs at the beginning of Lord Bacon's essay on "Gardening." The garden referred to is, of course, that of Eden.—*Peter H. Tough.*

[Other replies also received.]

*"NOW TO FRESH FIELDS AND PASTURES NEW".—This is a very common misquotation of the last line in Milton's "Lycidas." The true reading is: "To-morrow to fresh woods and pastures new."—*Peter H. Tough.*

HISTORY.

CROMWELL.—Thomas Cromwell, the Earl of Essex, was the great-grand-uncle of Oliver Cromwell, the Lord Protector of England.—*Cobb.*

WILLIAM III.—He could not speak English at all well.—*Cobb.*

COLONIES.—The distinction of being the oldest British colony is claimed by Newfoundland, which was founded by Sir Humphrey Gilbert in 1583. The East India Company followed in 1600, and the first settlement in Virginia was made in 1607.—*Peter H. Tough.*

The first British colony was Virginia, which was named by Walter Raleigh after Elizabeth, the Virgin Queen. It was discovered by John Cabot in 1497. After an attempt to effect settlements in it in 1584, this was accomplished in 1606. The colonies which we still hold were founded later. The earliest is the Barbadoes, which were colonised in 1605.—*Cobb.*

VICTORIA.—If Queen Victoria had died before the Prince of Wales was born the Princess Royal, who was born November 21, 1841, would have succeeded to the throne.—*Eleanor T. Harle.*

[Similar answer from others.]

NORMAN CONQUEST.—The British possessions which formerly belonged to the Dukes of Normandy are now confined to the Channel Isles, Jersey, Guernsey, Sark, &c.—*Cobb.*

[Similar answer from others.]

*PENNSYLVANIA was named after the founder's father, Admiral William Penn. The founder, William Penn, wished it to be called Sylvania, on account of its forests, but the King (Charles II.) insisted on its being called Penn-sylvania, in honour of his father.—*Gwen. E. Maspero.*

PENNSYLVANIA.—The colony of Pennsylvania was named after William Penn, to whom it was granted in 1681 by Charles II. Penn was the son of Admiral William Penn, and was born in London on 14th October, 1644. He was very headstrong, not to say stubborn, and when, in youth, he was converted to Quakerism, his enthusiasm was such that he was first expelled from the University and afterwards imprisoned. He had some claims on the Government in respect of his father, and to satisfy these Charles gave him the territory in question. He intended to use it as a refuge for his fellow-Quakers, and wished to call it "Sylvania," on account of its forests (Lat. *sylva*, a wood), but Charles insisted on adding Penn to it, in honour of its founder, so that the name became what it now is—Pennsylvania.—*Peter H. Tough.*

[Similar answers from others.]

GENERAL.

WESTMINSTER PANCAKE.—The origin of scrambling for the pancake (which is not made of putty, as is vulgarly supposed, but is composed of flour and made to about the size and shape of an A.B.C. scone) is to be traced to the days when St. Peter's College was a monastic school, and the pancake scramble formed part of the merriment on Shrove Tuesday.—*Cobb.*

TEA.—The original pronunciation of "tea" in England is with a long "a," thus "tā," as is shown by Pope in his "Rape of the Lock," where he makes it rhyme with obey.—*Cobb.*

CATS AND BABIES.—It is true that cats sit on babies. They like to feel the warmth of the baby's breath, and consequently, though unintentionally, suffocate them.—*Cobb.*

[Other replies have been held over for want of space.]

PRIZE-WINNERS. (See asterisks.)

GWEN E. MASPERO, 64 Summerfield Crescent, Edgbaston, Birmingham;

PETER H. TOUGH, 35 Powis Place, Aberdeen;

to whom orders have been sent for five shillings' worth of books to be bought of:

Mr. C. Combridge, Five Ways, Edgbaston, Birmingham.

Mr. T. C. Hall, George Street, Aberdeen.

